NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY'S MAGAZINE OF COLLEGIATE LIFE

APRIL

PURPLE PARROT

VOLUME 19, NUMBER 7

20 CENTS

U.S. ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION OFF FOR YEAR'S SURVEY

SLED DOGS...YEAR'S SUPPLY OF SLOW-BURNING CAMEL CIGARETTES ACCOMPANY ADMIRAL BYRD TO ANTARCTIC

IF YOU WERE LEAVING TODAY to live for a whole year on the barren ice of the Antarctic, and if *right now* you had to choose the *one* brand of cigarette you would smoke through those months—you'd make sure you picked the right brand. The men on the Antarctic expedition were in a situation like that. The picture above shows what happened: The expedition took Camels! Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd explained: "Slow-burning Camels are a great favorite with us. You can be sure we have plenty." You, yourself, may never go near the South Pole, but the right cigarette is important to *you*, too. Camels give you *extra* mildness, *extra* coolness, *extra* flavor—plus *extra smoking* in every pack. *(See below.)*

"MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF...MORE PUFFS PER PACK"...

That's how these three members of the U. S. Antarctic expedition tell of the advantages of slow-burning Camels. Richard Moulton, senior dog-driver (*center*), says: "Slow burning is my measure of a milder, cooler, more flavorful smoke. I'd *sledge* a mile for a Camel." Nothing destroys a cigarette's delicate elements of flavor and fragrance like excess heat. Cigarettes that burn fast also burn hot. Camels are slower-burning...milder, mellower, and—naturally—cooler! Camels give you more pleasure per puff...and more puffs per pack *(see right)*.

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

CAMELS FOR MILDNESS, COOLNESS, AND FLAVOR —SLOW-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

YOU SAID IT

Authors, Arise!

Dear Editor, It seems that once upon a time, a rather good PARROT was published and some domineering soul managed to make that ancient form and style the die for all future PARROTS. It contains only conservative, time-honored policies and styles.

I suggest that the whole staff take a good, stiff double scotch of liberalism.

What the PARROT needs is new blood!

Respectfully submitted,
GLENN STOCK, '42

Trickle in, boys, trickle in! . . . Ed.

* * *

Authentic

"The PARROT—what a sheet! I'm wrapped up in it." —MAHATMA GHANDI

* * *

Them's Our Sentiments

Listen friends, I've sent in four contributions that I thought were pretty swell. None of them made the PARROT. I've just finished my fifth little quip *(the Syllabus)*, but I tossed it in the waste basket myself thereby saving you the trouble.

How about being your new assistant?
—PHIL MURPHY

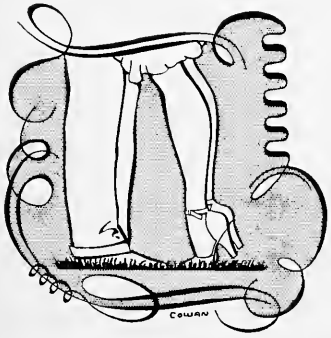
Hired. . . . Ed.

* * *

And How!

The students get our paper,
The school gets the fame,
The printer gets the money,
And we get the blame.

☆ ☆ ☆



Thought of the Month

COVER

Patsy Steffen, Kappa Alpha Theta, and Gordon Rosberg, Phi Kappa Sigma, on a Northwestern Pier. Graphic photo by Jim Bixby.

PRESENTING!

BOB CROSBY
and his Orchestra

Featuring THE BOB CATS *and* MARION MANN

Every Friday Is COLLEGE NIGHT
Tea Dancing and Bob Cat Meeting Every Sunday—3:30 to 6:00

BLACKHAWK
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balinese room

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Songs by... DALE EVANS

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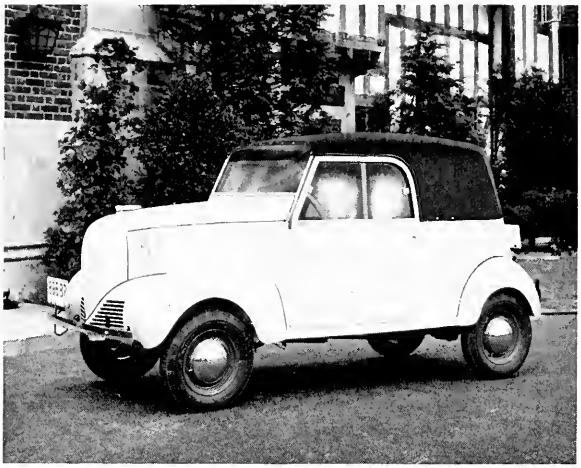
THE CROSLEY CAR



MADE to order for Northwestern students. 80c will fill up the gas tank . . . Waukegan and back for 50c.

House rules will not permit taking it to your room, but you can leave it under your window.

There's nothing to freeze. Air cooled motor doesn't mind coldest Lake Michigan air.

4 can ride as comfortably as one — Waukegan and back for 12½ cents each.

Dumbest bunny in school can put the top up in a minute.

The car is engineered exactly as a large car with parts scaled down to small size, with margins for safety and overloads greater than in a large car.

A 6 foot 3 guy built it so there's plenty of room for long legs.

It will get you anywhere fast enough, and its speed up to 50 miles an hour will slow down the speed of greying hair at home.

Parking lot owners can be talked into half price for parking . . . Add a dime to the Waukegan trip.

For safety's sake some parts are FULL SIZE . . . the body is standard automobile steel. The glass is Duplex Safety glass . . . the brakes are powerful enough to stop a car 4 times its weight . . . tires are same ply as standard size cars.

2 quarts of oil fill crank case. On a basis of change every 2,000 miles, oil for the Waukegan trip figures 3½ cents.

Total round trip to Waukegan 63½ cents not including the hamburgers.

The Purple Parrot will give you a smooth demonstration — or else! If you can't locate the Parrot visit the Co-op. Just call GRE. 2600.

And all you must scrape together is only $375, $125 down, $17.62 when the finance company catches up with you.

THE CROSLEY CORPORATION

Evanston Dealer — Paul Cummins

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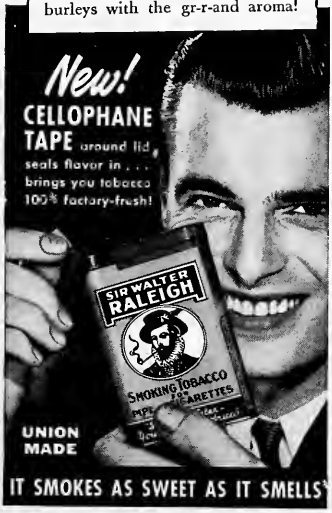
Crosley dealers everywhere sell Crosley radios. Shelvador refrigerators, gas and electric stoves, washers, ironers and this new idea in economical transportation — the CROSLEY Car.

HER HERO RATED ZERO IN THE ART OF LOVE!

WHAT CAUSED THE FIGHT? His pipe! Bud said it tasted fine, but Sue swore it stank out loud. A fine way for sweethearts to talk! Someone better find him a *milder* tobacco.

HEARTS ENTWINED once again! Sue has said "yes" to Bud *and* his pipe since he switched to Sir Walter Raleigh, that milder blend of burleys with the gr-r-and aroma!



TUNE IN—*Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House." Every Tuesday night, NBC Red Network.*

"Honi soit qui mal y pense"

The moon is high
The night is late
I'd give my right arm
For a date.

☆ ☆ ☆

When I asked her to wed, "Go to father," she said.
She knew that I knew that her father was dead.
She knew that I knew what a life he had led.
She knew that I knew what she meant when she said "Go to father."

☆ ☆ ☆

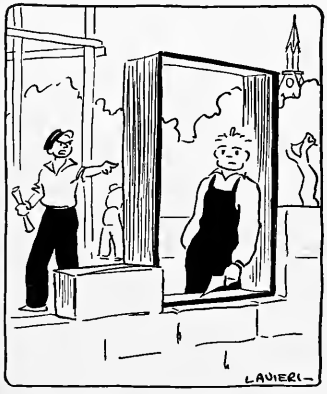
Co-ed (dreamily): "Did you ever see the man in the moon?"

Snake (absent-mindedly): "No, but I've seen a lady in the sun."

☆ ☆ ☆

The newlyweds on their honeymoon had a drawing room. The groom gave the Negro porter a dollar not to tell anybody on the train they were bride and groom. When the happy couple went to the diner for breakfast next morning all the passengers pointed and eyed the couple knowingly. The groom called the porter and demanded: "Did you tell anybody on this train we were just married?"

"No, suh," said the dusky porter. "I told 'em you all was just good friends."



"Hey you! Stop staring out of the window."

NEW ORLEANS

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Greet Spring in all its gorgeous beauty in gay New Orleans where the summer days are one long round of pleasure. Enjoy its varied outdoor sports and pastimes—the romantic old French Quarter and the epicurean delights of its world-famous restaurants.

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THINGS TO DO

April 20—Bring out the band and the banners! Mock Convention. Torchlight parade.

April 20—Change your mind, sonny, and go to Waa-Mu after all. And last nights are loads of fun.

April 23—Walter Behrendt tells us about modern architecture—Harris 107.

April 26-27—Stumps pop up on campus over night, and there'll be a hot time in the old town for the next couple of days. Convention convenes.

May 3—Women's formals. Better begin that whirlwind campaign quick, laddie!

May 4—White ties and tails again—Fraternity formals.

May 6—Greek week begins.

May 7—Inter-sorority sing.

May 8—Harmony 'n' stuff via North Campus.

May 8—Candle lighting service at Thorne Hall. An old N. U. tradition. Three-way hook-up on NBC Blue Network.

May 9—There's music in the air! Concert by N. U.'s well-known glee club.

May 10—Men's inter-house spring formal at Medinah Country Club. Just a couple of weeks left to wangle a date.

May 10-12—The Frosh solve the university's problems at Lake Geneva.

May 11—Sorority formals.

May 17—Fraternity formals.

May 18—More formals.

May 21—Peter Paul presents his last literary accomplishment of the season.

PURPLE PARROT

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Volume 19 | April, 1940 | Number 7

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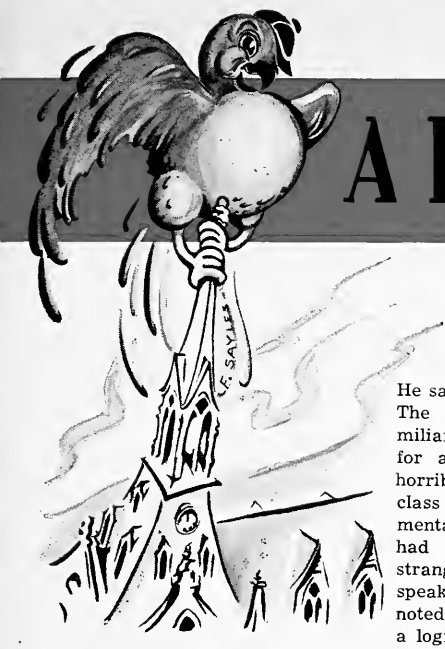

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW

WHAT WITH THE nice weather and all, the extension courses are becoming quite the thing. The zoology department has established one in the Phi Kap house, labeled Zoo Al. (standing for alligator). Two of these creatures have started the colony, and who knows, what with the nice weather and all, there may be more. The boys haven't quite decided this technical question, and have resolved to equivocate, thereby allowing the problem to work out of its own accord.

The two animals were presented to Dorothy Swartout and Portia McClain with tenderest sentiments, but when the little beasts seemed to mix their signals and began to bite, the girls surrendered them to the Phi Kap ward to learn better manners. As yet no fatalities have been reported.

* * *

"Spring's the thing," muttered one lad one morn as he turned over to go back to sleep. In his half-coma, he rationalized, "My 9:30 won't miss me, and I won't miss my 10:30. My health is bad and I need the sleep. Besides, it isn't a day to go to school, and what's more I can just make my 11:30." So he stayed a few hours more in the arms of Lethe, glanced at his watch at 11:00, stretched luxuriously, dressed leisurely, and ambled to school, meditating on the beauties of the world.

He walked into his 11:30, feeling pretty self-righteous about the whole thing, for he could have slept until lunch. But he was no slacker. No sir. He sat down and looked around him. The personnel didn't look too familiar, but then he hadn't been there for a while, and he did have a horrible memory for faces. The class filled quickly, and he made a mental note that registration here had certainly jumped. When a strange prof began to show signs of speaking, our hero again mentally noted, "Hmm, a substitute." He was a logical fellow. When the prof began to lecture on child welfare, however, credulity was strained. This was a very strange angle to Victorian Poetry and Prose.

The lad checked his watch again —yes, 11:35. And this was the right room. "Pardon me," he leaned over to the stranger on his right. "Is this the 11:30 course in Victorian Poetry and Prose?" His neighbor shrank away sort of dubiously, "No-o, this is a 9:30 class in "Child Development and Problems." Our hero stepped outside, the sky was growing grey, and the temperature was falling. He glanced at his watch and muttered between his teeth, "Yeah, spring!"

* * *

Signs-of-the-time department . . .

Thorne Hall Lecture notice:
"Is Christ the Way?"
Ride the North Shore Line

* * *

It gives us an internal glow to catch an occasional glimpse of a human heart wherever it may be. We saw it yesterday behind the heavy type of the Daily editorial page. It was the little injected word "please" in the stern command, "All editors must please attend."

* * *

The class in political theory was idly awaiting its instructor at the beginning of the hour. Some students were scribbling spring flowers, some were gazing at spring buds, some were provocatively unscrewing pens. The professor entered and a spontaneous reaction set in. After the first gasp of incredulity, some of the students cheered, some clapped, and some groaned. The weaker ones swooned and fell in the aisles. Mr. McGovern had shorn his characteristic flowing locks, and appeared in a "crew-cut." Samson, where is thy strength?

* * *

We breathe a sigh to a ghost that won't go away. It haunts especially keenly the residents in south campus who haven't meandered up north recently. Our thoughts still follow the same groove.

Still, in our thinking, we trot panting up to Patten, taking the shallow steps three at a time, we hear the

characteristic slam of the locker doors, we bask in the hot sun magnified on the white stone steps. We hurry across the darkened field to make the "center-front" seats for the Big Ten game. We approach the big hulk, glamorous with brilliant lights, in excited anticipation of a good band and fun to come. It is Homecoming eve, with a bonfire reddening the sky . . . it is New Year's Eve at the traditional Notre Dame basketball game. . . . It is an "Independent Stomp," a "Sophomore Scandals" . . . it is informality and

Continued on page 29

A TIMELY EVENT FOR GOLFERS

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HILLMAN'S

Quaecumque Sunt Vera

To coin a phrase, the war goes on. As we read the papers we wonder at times just what has happened to Spain. From what we understand they're so busy reconstructing they haven't even had a chance to erect a statue of General Franco yet.

* * *

What with all this propaganda one is able to discern here and there, it is clear that all the scrap iron we are exporting isn't going into munitions. A lot of it is undoubtedly being made into shovels.

* * *

We often wonder too, what happened to the Russians who established a meteorological base near the North Pole. If they've left we'll have to blame this weather on somebody besides the Reds. And that's no fun.

* * *

Yes, Mr. Stalin seems to be going places now. We can just hear him shouting to his armies, "On your Marx! Get set! Go!"

* * *

DEPARTMENT OF
WHAT'S THIS WORLD COMING TO?
Pope's Air-Raid
Shelter Nearly Completed
—New York Times

* * *

What with Spring in the Air a young man's fancy turns to baseball. We may call ourselves civilized and peaceful compared to the English, but just the same we never heard of the English running some poor umpire out of town.

* * *

We like our neutrality. It's no fun getting into the game but it sure is fun cheering from the sidelines.

* * *

The coming political campaign is becoming more voluble every day. Candidates on both sides seem to have more and more to say. In fact, any day now it is expected that one of them will commit himself on sin.

* * *

In 1910 Dean Dennis began his undergraduate days at Northwestern. . . . After college he worked in a bank . . . in social work . . . and as a vice-consul in Russia. And in 1913 he became "skipper" of the School of Speech.—*Daily N*

He must have speeched *plenty* fast!

* * *

TIGER BOYS WANT HUMOR
SERIOUS DISCUSSION AND
PRAISE IN LETTERS
FROM GIRLS —*Naussau Sovereign*

So they ain't discreet.

* * *

One nice thing about running a column. When you have nothing more to say you can always tell about how you have nothing more to say.

BUT

Definitely !

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to
FRATERNITIES
and
SORORITIES

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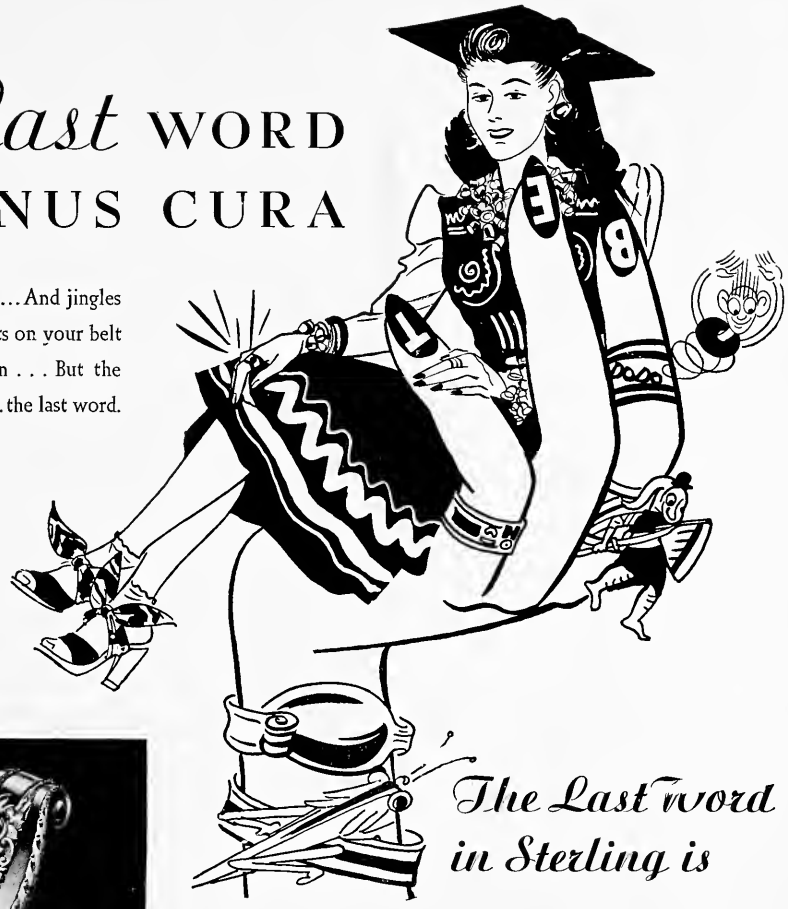
THE *Last* WORD IN MANUS CURA

Initials on your fingernails... And jingles on your toes. With trinkets on your belt makes you another Indian . . . But the Greeks had a word for it... the last word.



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WALLACE

WALLINGFORD STERLING CONNECTICUT

by richard thain

With acknowledgments to Capt. Thain Summers, Abraham Lincoln Battalion

Viva ESPANA

Illustrated by bob cowan

"Jeff"

MARCH, MARCH, MARCH, MARCH! Slop, slop, slop, slop! March and slop through the Spanish mud. Jeff was tired of the marching, but he dreaded its end, for then they would have reached the front.

He was sick of the mud. Yellow and sticky, it seemed to leap up from the road and cling to men, guns, tanks—the whole long column was covered with it. This was Spain, the land of sun and senorita. This was the land he was to save.

Jefferson Bates pulled his neck down farther into his worn overcoat. He wore the typical, unglamorous uniform of the Spanish Loyalist, overcoat several sizes too large, clumsy hobnailed shoes, faded beret, and a scarf tied peasant-wise around his head. On his back was a battered knapsack, topped by an old French-type, steel helmet and a rusted drinking cup. Those who trudged with him in the long column were attired similarly and all sprouted beards of varying thicknesses and colors.

It was cold, but not quite freezing. The sun was a dull white in the soupy, brownish sky. The road knifed tortuously through the bare, rocky country. The trees were stunted by the altitude and twisted by the steady wind. Jeff shifted the heavy, Russian rifle from one aching shoulder to the other and returned to watching the heels of the man in front of him.

How much longer would it be before they reached the front? For a week they had been alternately riding and marching from the training camp on the east coast. Their direction had been steadily westward. Jeff thought they must be somewhere in central Spain. None of the officers would tell him.

Jeff and many others in the column were new recruits in the American contingent, the Abraham Lincoln Battalion. They were headed for the front and a crack at those whom the pamphlets had called "the hirelings of militarism and capitalism, Los Rebeldes."

"Yuh got a smoke, Jeff?" It was Larsen, the tall, blondish fellow on Jeff's right, who spoke.

"Sure," Jeff replied and fished in his pocket. He had come to like this Larsen, a former Seattle dockhand, despite the fact that he was constantly bumming valuable cigarettes. Jeff took one himself and the two lit up and stepped on.

He was something of a contrast to the husky Larsen. Beneath his heavy clothing he was scrawny. He was short of stature with a pale, pinched face adorned by scraggly patches of red beard. He hung the cigarette from one corner of his weak mouth.

"Gosh, I sure miss American fags!" Larsen said after a time.

"Dat ain't all American I miss," sang out a voice to the right. "Dat ain't all." The voice was Pazienza's. He was a short, stocky New York Italian with a black beard that grew almost up to his eyes. He and big Larsen had evinced homesickness before.

Jeff wondered how much he missed Detroit, himself. It was a cinch there was little in the last few of his twenty-six years in his native city to be missed. Unemployment, breadlines, flop houses, and the smokeless chimneys of shutdown factories are things to forget. When the chance to enlist in the Spanish Loyalist cause had come, Jeff had grabbed it. Here, after all, was a chance for three squares a day and the opportunity of fighting against a system similar to the one which had ground him down at home—to be a hero among those who thought him a nobody! There was little thought of actual battle and bloodshed then.

Since that day, Jeff had had a lot of time to think. At first of auto barons, strikebreakers, of his and the common man's destiny. Later of baseball in Tiger's Park, beer at Emil's on Woodward St., and the Detroit girls he had known. These latter memories helped him forget the fears which the approaching fight roused in him. When things had been set right in this part of the world, it would seem very nice to get back . . .

The column halted for lunch in a small town. The houses showed signs of past bombings. They were patched with canvas and flattened petrol tins. Jeff and some of the others sat on a fallen tree by the roadside and attacked steaming plates of rice.

"Must be purty near the front from the looks of these buildings," observed Larsen between bites of hard bread.

Jeff looked around him. His stomach went hollow with fear. He was no longer hungry.

They were smoking when Novak, their lieutenant came over to them. "At ease, men," he said. "I want to acquaint you with the fact that by three this afternoon we will be in the trenches and under fire. We are badly needed." Novak, a thin serious young man, had been a graduate student at Columbia. Jeff thought

"Eichenbaum"

the Lieutenant looked as scared as he felt. The men were silent as the officer strode away.

The outfit reassembled and resumed the march. Jeff couldn't conquer the gnawing thing inside him. As if they were his own words he heard someone mumble, "Don' like it. Don' know as I want to fight." It was Pazienza speaking half to himself.

"Not yellow are you, Tony?" the soldier on Jeff's left asked. It was Eichenbaum, the squad's corporal. Eichenbaum was a veteran and a big, Nordic-looking, Chicago Jew. He turned his head to say something more, when he was interrupted by a series of dull thuds in the distance. He reformed his lips and hissed, "Artillery." The words sent searing apprehension through Jeff.

Ambulances and soldiers from the front passed them in increasing numbers. Most of the men failed to look up and when they did, they regarded the Americans with dull, uncurious eyes. From rag-reinforced shoes to dirty faces, they were plastered with the inevitable mud, with here and there a little blood mixed in.

As the column climbed a long hill, someone began the fighting song of the battalion. Jeff joined the others. It was more a chant than a tune. "Abraham Lincoln walks again. Abraham Lincoln talks again. Abraham Lincoln lives again — for the glory of Spain!" Jeff stopped singing. A little silly to drag Lincoln into this. Why hadn't they resurrected "John Brown's Body"?

"Airplanes!" someone shouted. The singing stopped. Jeff and his comrades threw themselves flat in the mucky roadside ditch. From the west came three planes, big and black against the sky. They flew low, following the road. From the ditch Jeff could make out the insignia, a bundle of fasces, on each wing. He could make out the gunners encased in the glass noses of the ships.

"Italian bombers," muttered Eichenbaum beside Jeff in the mud.

"Italians?" Pazienza said softly.

The planes flew on. Jeff climbed out of the ditch. His knee hurt. He had banged it against a stone and in the excitement failed to notice it. His front and his rifle were covered with mud. The wind was colder and the knee forced him to limp. A little to the right the noise from the heavy guns increased. Now and then they could make out bits of the landscape spewing themselves into the air. Jeff trembled violently with terror. His heart was a searing lump of dry ice.

On and on they trekked. The shells lit nearer, shaking the earth beneath their feet. Pazienza began blabbering incoherently in Italian. Jeff thought he was praying. With each shell Jeff flinched. He clenched his fists, expecting any moment to be blown to bits. Corporal Eichenbaum beside him jauntily whistled "Sweet Sue" between his teeth. Catching Jeff's eye upon him he said, "Pretty damn lucky these Spaniards are lousy shots."

Jeff smiled wanly. The corporal slapped him across the knapsack.

"Buck up, buddy," he said. "You're fightin' for a cause you believe in. What better way to die?" Jeff didn't answer.

The mud froze into crunchiness. The roar of the big guns increased, and the sounds of smaller ordnance became distinguishable. "Anti-tankers," Eichenbaum remarked as a strong volley reached their ears.

By the time they were brought to a halt, the chatter of the machine guns and the crack and whistle of the rifles were audible. Jeff saw that the front of the column had stopped before a great, battered, stucco house.

"The former estate of one of the richest grandees in the land," commented Eichenbaum. "He starved thousands of peasants to fill that villa with art treasures." As he spoke, Jeff saw some men emerge from the building to confer with several staff members who had roared up in battered Fords.

"The Lincoln Battalion"

"The front line's right beyond those trees," said Eichenbaum.

They stood for some time and it began to rain. Jeff scarcely noticed the icy drops which fell from the helmet he had clapped on over his beret. He stared at the shattered trees in the wood behind the villa,

Continued on page 28

POLITICOSIS

Mock Convention—practical politics

In 1936 Northwestern probably received more good publicity than in any other single year in her history. Not only did the football team win its first undisputed Big Ten championship in the fall, but the preceding spring saw carried through a project which the whole nation watched with interest and approval. That project was, of course, the Mock Political Convention.

The event was covered thoroughly by the Chicago papers and by the Associated Press. The national headquarters of the Republican, Democratic, and Socialist parties all sent important men to speak at the convention's sessions. For over a week before the actual assembling of the delegates, the Daily printed almost nothing but convention news; great mobs collected around the steps of U.H. to hear and heckle stump speakers; the Republicans even paraded a live elephant from a nearby circus to gain votes. The Mock Convention dominated the campus. It was a thumping success.

This year a number of people thought the success of 1936 could be repeated or bettered in 1940. Plans for a bigger and better convention were getting well under way when the Student Governing Board, who must recognize such an activity, declined to place its blessing upon the whole idea. Four main problems, said the Board, seemed without solution: (1) finding a suitable place, since Patten Gym was to be demolished; (2) picking a convenient time, since the calendar was full; (3) raising enough money to finance it; and (4) assuring student interest.

This appeared to be just about the final word. But five students with a lot of excess energy and courage put their heads together and came up with answers to each of these problems which satisfied the SGB sufficiently that they gave their sanction to the convention. So, had it not been for the fine work of **Jim Morrison, Ralph Aye, Jim McIntyre, Mel Wiechert,** and **Hilary Conroy,** there would be no Mock Convention in 1940. Their solutions to the problems posed by the SGB were these:

First, the place: This will be handled by the big tent to be set up on Roycemore. This tent will have seats for 1056 delegates and 400-500 spectators. There will be a complete lighting system, a public address system, and a special platform for speakers and officers. With any sort of a break in the weather the tent will be even better as a convention scene than Patten.

Second, the time: By selecting the weekend of April 26 and 27 the committee found a conflict only with the Freshman Conference and a geology field trip. The freshmen have been moved over to May 10, and everyone seems happy here.

Third, finances: Under their finance chairman, **Ralph Wienshienk,** who did such a fine job on the Interfraternity Ball, the committee has evolved a budget of a little over $1,000, of which over $500 has already been contributed by various campus organizations. The rest of the money will be made up by delegates' fees of 50c apiece and by concessions.

Fourth, the problem of student interest is best answered, believes the committee, by the tremendous enthusiasm for the convention which swept the campus in 1936. If the convention is organized well and put on well, there is no reason why this student enthusiasm cannot be equaled or even surpassed in 1940.

And so, on this basis, the 1940 Mock Convention has gone ahead. Its destinies are controlled by a central committee composed of the original five, minus **Jim Morrison,** who had to drop both this and the presidency of the Interhouse Council because of the University rule that anyone in activities must have carried at least 12 semester hours in the previous semester. The committee misses Morrison's energy, undoubted executive

ability, and diplomacy; but, under the leadership of **Hilary Conroy,** they are doing a good job.

As this is being written, the plans for the actual running of the convention itself are these:

Each organization on campus has been assigned a state, with the total number of delegates being over 1,000. These delegates can vote as a unit if the house so instructs them, but otherwise they will vote as individuals.

On Sunday, April 21, the tryouts for the nominating and seconding speakers will be held under the guidance of **Ronnie Patterson** and **Skipper Ray.** Anyone is allowed to try out with a short speech for his favorite candidate. The person giving the best speech for a particular candidate will nominate that candidate, and the runner-up will give the seconding speech.

On April 22 the convention week will begin with an old-time torchlight parade in the grand manner. Floats, banners, and bands should give the week a rousing send-off.

On April 23 the entire day will be taken up by stump speeches from the steps of the various buildings between classes. Heckling will be allowed, but no bombs please.

On the evening of April 25 will be held a free dance for the whole university. The committee as yet has neither the place nor the band—just the idea.

On the afternoon of April 26 the convention proper will begin. The entire program will be made as nearly identical to the workings of an actual political convention as the committee can make it. The Friday session will open under the leadership of Conroy who will turn the chair over to the newly-elected temporary chairman. Then will follow the keynote address by some prominent national figure, as yet unselected. Following the keynoter, the permanent chairman and officers will be elected and committees set up.

The Friday evening session will open with one or two more speeches by men sent by national party headquarters. The main item of the evening will be the presentation of the non-partisan platform of **Jack Roper** and his committee. The platform can be amended and corrected from the floor, and the convention will vote its adoption in its finally amended form. The platform was the most valuable single thing to come out of the 1936 convention, and was, according to a number of political scientists, superior to any of the actual party platforms drawn up by the national party conventions.

On Saturday afternoon will be given the nominating speeches and seconding speeches for the presidential candidates. If time permits, speeches will also be given for vice-president. This, of course, is where the garden-variety delegate comes in to his own by carrying on long demonstrations and parades when his favorite candidate (or any candidate, for that matter) is nominated.

On Saturday evening two more big-name speakers will appear, and then will come the actual balloting for the candidates, with a simple majority winning. No doubt this particular portion of the convention will witness some classic deals and finagling of the **McIntyre-Setterdahl-Boulton-Snell** tradition, and everyone will feel at home. With the actual nomination of a candidate, the convention will close.

The parties are already organizing for the convention. The Republicans, under **Bob Storm,** have gotten a big jump on the other two parties, **Lew Nicolini's** Democrats, and the Socialists under **Austin Ranney** and **Herb Silvers.**

That's the organization of the convention itself. Can any good be gotten out of it in proportion to the time spent on

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Jam Session on Swing

Two qualified men's opinions on "What is this stuff called swing?"

Bob Noel:

There are writers on jazz music who are making a distinction between swing and jazz. It doesn't seem to me that they are separate forms of music, but that the noise called swing is bad jazz with a new name invented by the movies and the Will Hays office. The two words do not represent two arts. They represent two degrees of art.

Swing, the movie's name and largely the movie's monster, is subject to fads, song-pluggers, and chronic hyper-commercialism. It had, and still has, the condemning effrontery to exalt a ditty like the "Three Little Fishies," a piece, if you remember, which was prescribed to by bands like Glenn Miller, Larry Clinton, and Tommy Dorsey, which are popularly deemed the country's "best."

My point is that they are not the best, and as long as we think so, we are misinterpreting jazz. Our sin is that we are confusing mass appeal and technique with artistry. Glenn Miller, the man with the loudest brass and the most radio time, can play his clever arrangements without straying from the beat, without a flaw in phrasing, and without a single sour note. But cleverness and technique are not enough for art. Music, to be art, must have significant content revealed in significant form. How close to that do the efforts of Miller and Clinton come? Their music lacks significant content, because from the time it is composed to the time it is played, it cannot show the imprint of a creative ability. Their music lacks significant content because it is played without emotion, without feeling—without "guts."

Let me be more concrete. Glenn Miller has a big selling record of "Tuxedo Junction." The effectiveness of the tune depends upon the particular arrangement and execution, and in this case it has been arranged with a religious regard for suspense and contrast. But nowhere in the record does there seem to be a strain or a phrase or a note that has been put in for the purpose of conveying a meaning. There is no chance for the men in the band to change the feeling of the arrangement, and the final result is that "Tuxedo

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Cliff Aspegren:

"Swing is de way ah feels it," says Louie Armstrong, colored trumpet player and band leader.

This definition goes far in clearing up the mystery of "what is swing." Given a certain melody, Louie lifts his golden trumpet to those lips which have earned for him the title of "Satchmo," and gives forth what his natural ear for chords tells him fits into the scheme of rhythm and form into which the melody naturally falls.

The great masters of classical music were known for their ability to improvise. Whether they improvised on a known melody or whether they improvised, seemingly with reckless abandon, on a theme lying deep in their subconscious minds, their harmonies fell into a certain musical form with a definite rhythmic pattern. Every musical effort is based on some such pattern. Even in the wildest "jamming" of a "hot" tenor sax man, there is a definite form and rhythm.

Add to that, *feeling*, which makes a music characteristic. The Spanish feel the rhumba beat, the Germans the waltz. The Americans feel the steady downbeat-upbeat, downbeat-upbeat, four-four rhythm of the fox-trot. Its first expression was in the music termed "jazz," with its fast tempo and strictly downbeat rhythm. Our parents danced to it in a sort of walking fashion. Even the fastest tempos of a modern swing band are slow compared to the tempos of jazz, because swing gives a new emphasis to the upbeat.

"Jazz" harmony was simple, using only the common chords. Little or no thought was given to tonal blending of the various instruments. Bands were small, and it was "every man for himself." Musical attack was based entirely on a rigid classical approach with no freedom in phrasing or quality of tone.

Then began the polishing process. The colored men and a few scattered white men in dimly-lit cafes during the wee hours of the morning gave expression to their feelings in a more "relaxed" fashion. Untold possibilities for freedom of expression were found by retarding the tempo and giving emphasis to the forgotten upbeat.

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Television means careers for Northwestern students when

Radio Opens Its Eyes

by dave ekberg

"M" DAY has been the subject of scores of newspaper and magazine articles in the last year. On that event-crammed day the industries and efforts of America will be turned over to making war. Army blueprints will replace those of business. Bombs will replace sewing machines on production lines.

That's a matter of common knowledge, but less common is the knowledge that a whole industry is waiting for its day, and that when the time comes it will spring into being, full-blown. The industry is television—a word to conjure with.

Imagine seeing Derringer hurl the last strike-out of the series or the President quietly sign a bill which will alter the lives of 130,000,000 people. Imagine watching the Navy steam out to sea, a dramatization of the latest best-selling novel, the trial of a nationally notorious murderer, all within a few feet of you in your own living room!

Until a few weeks ago radio companies had agreed to keep television receivers off the market until the manufacturers brought the process nearer perfection. Then one bellwether company hopefully put receivers on sale in New York city, for which the almighty Federal Communications Commission promptly rescinded their television broadcasting license.

Three American cities, New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, are radiating the waves of experimental television stations, and an estimated thousand families are regularly viewing telecasts. But the F.C.C. wants to be sure that television transmitting will be uniform when licenses are granted for commercial broadcasting.

Typical of the efforts of radio companies to perfect television are those of the Zenith Radio Corporation in West Chicago. Surrounded by secrecy and mystery is its experimental transmitter which for a few hours every evening broadcasts sight and sound to about 250 receiving sets in Chicago. In a corner of their factory, engineers and scientists are working on a full time investigating schedule, attempting to iron out the engineering wrinkles of which there are hundreds.

Jealous of their secret advances, Zenith carefully allows only those who have appointments into the plant. Even members of the Northwestern Radio Play Shop, a speech school group, must be checked in and out when they put on their half hour telecasts.

Photographs of all equipment are ruthlessly censored until the day when the Federal Communications Commission permits manufacturers to sell their receivers. Some seers are saying that September 1 of this year may well be the awaited day.

Already radio manufacturers are building their regular console receivers so that they may be adapted with a minimum of effort into television machines, capable of picking up the ultra short wave band below ten meters, and converting the impulses into greenish or bluish ten inch images.

I made a point of seeing R.C.A.'s telecasts this summer and was amazed to find that the images are not nearly so crude as most of the descriptions published of the technical progress of television.

Again at the Zenith station this winter my impression was that television was far beyond the crystal set stage and that manufacturers have a far better excuse to open up the industry tomorrow than did KDKA and other early sound stations to start broadcasting in 1920.

With the advent of television will come tremendous changes in the radio industry. Slowly at first, however, because now television is practical only in large cities, since sending stations can cover a mere radius of about thirty miles. But the change will come, as surely as it came when the movies became talkies.

Not only the science but the art, too, of the industry will find that it must conform to altogether new standards. Hundreds, at first, and then thousands of actors, cameramen, directors, technicians, newsmen, and executives will be hired to fill the gap.

There it stands — a tremendous new entertainment and information medium,

N.U. Radio Workshop group rehearse

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HOW TO TAKE LECTURE NOTES

I can remember when I was a child that school used to be school, and play, play, and that's all there was to it. We packed our lunches and toddled off; and when we were through, we had a rousing game of hop scotch: Life was comparatively simple. But now I find that one not only has to figure out who's going to pitch and who play second base at recess, one has a problem of what-to-do-to-keep-from-going-to-sleep-during-lectures facing one. "What next?" I often ask myself.

In some attempt to answer this question, I present the following formula for class activity:

RULES

1. Remain as long as possible at the Rock in hopes that you will see your professor going in the opposite direction indicating that he has just called off class for the day. He doesn't.

2. (a) Go to the Huddle anyway.

(b) Assume a martyred air and walk up the stairs of Harris, going up three and down two, up three and down two, which aside from giving you some little excitement, will tire you out completely.

3. Enter the classroom head up, with a firm step just as though you had done your assignment.

4. Meet four of the "brothers" hurriedly making an exit due to their having heard it was a quiz section.

5. (a) Go to the Huddle.

(b) Go on in and hope it isn't true.

6. Go out again to get a Daily. (There won't be any left anyway but you can borrow one later from the girl who sits two rows in front of you. This gives the professor a better chance to see you.)

7. Sit down and open your notebook to the pictures you drew during *last* lecture. Not bad, eh?

8. Write down the name of the course and ask the little man next to you what the date is. Underline this several times.

9. The professor enters and says "Good Morning." Take this down.

10. Quiz papers are handed back—you don't get one. You worry about this in a vague sort of way until you remember that that was the quiz you cut meaning to study and really *hit* the make-up. Wonder if there ever was a make-up? Jot down "QUIZ" in your notebook.

11. The lecture starts. This is a signal for the opening of Dailys, throat clearings, and general scufflings about.

12. Listen detachedly for a few moments, meanwhile tracing repeated figure eights below the date.

13. Look down and notice these eights. Make some more till you have three sets of them in a more or less triangular position. Join these sets with wavy lines and then fill in the center space.

14. Come to just in time to hear the professor say, "This concept will undoubtedly be part of your final examination."

INSPIRES ASPIRATION

15. This inspires a general leaning-over-shoulder-of-neighbor movement accompanied with whispered "What was that" (i.e.). *Someone* is sure to have taken notes on the concept, so you copy what you see on his paper. (The notes you copy later turn out to be from another course.)

The second in that
educational series
of essays titled:

"Making the Most of College"

by

mary ellen sams

16. Yawn.

17. Yawn again, this time audibly.

18. Assume an interested air as the professor looks semi-directly at you. Busily jot down what you hope he thinks are notes. (Later, when reviewing for a test, you will have a devil of a time figuring out what these scrawls mean.)

19. At this point your neighbor pokes you and leers meaningfully at his notebook, where he has put down two square inches of dots. This is a break as you were almost ready to try to sleep again, which usually results in an ugly gash on the forehead in case of a slip.

RESULTING IN DEFEAT

20. A good fifteen minutes of dot joining. Your neighbor, whom you had formerly thought of as rather a dull tool, seems to have studied dot joining rather extensively. He beats you conclusively.

21. This arouses your sporting blood. You have always been rather proud of the method by which you stymied your partners in tic-tac-toe. You make a swift four-line sketch and wait expectantly for your rival to fall into the trap.

22. He uses the same method. After two quick games going quietly but firmly to the cat, you abandon tic-tac-toe and assume an intellectual curiosity to cover your embarrassment.

23. Your neighbor, who seems to have a bit of a Machiavellian streak, recognizes your sham and snorts crudely.

24. This again directs the professor's gaze in your direction, inciting another brief period of feverish note-taking. (During the lapse, the professor seems to have changed not only the theme but the entire subject of the lecture.)

25. There is apparently no use even trying now. However you copy down verbatim several dis-jointed phrases. Just as you begin to get in the swing of things, the bell rings.

Needless to say, a full semester of such labor will bring astonishing results. With Fate on your side, and the wind in the right direction, you might even pass the final.

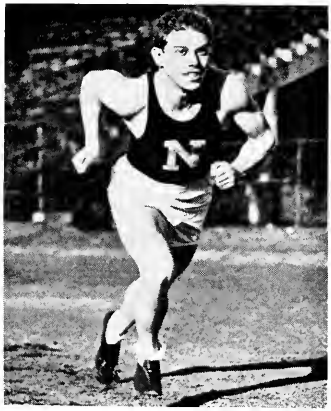
Track Steps Out

tom mc mahan prevues the spring season

Ed Thistlewaite takes a high one.

THE SUN had nearly hidden itself behind the huge stands of the stadium. Now, except for the white lines reaching in the direction of the cotton yarn tautly stretched across the finish line 100 yards ahead, the dark cinder track seemed invisible in the late afternoon shadows.

Six tense, impatient sprinters jog about nervously. Officials are rushing about fervently attending to last-minute details. A manager drives in the last spike of his runner's starting blocks. An athlete's head snaps back as he inhales the sharp, pungent odor from the ammonia vial held to his nose.



Myron Piker, Big Ten champion

The stadium is quiet as the sprinters take their marks. A Michigan man wishes the best of luck to one of his competitors as they place their spiked feet on the blocks and assume their crouched position. Someone is slow in getting off his sweat clothes and the starter impatiently yells at the laggards, "out of your holes."

Suddenly comes the signal, "On your marks!" Then, "Now get set!" Slowly six knees raise off the sharp cinders; There is a long pause. Finally the sharp report of the gun resounds through the air and six pairs of feet churn up the black surface.

Michigan's Alan Smith gets a good start and jumps into the lead. Right behind him is Bob Franck of Minnesota. 10 yards, 20, 30, 40, and Northwestern's Myron Piker, Conference Indoor and Outdoor champion last year is coming up fast. At 80 yards three runners are neck and neck. With a final effort Piker pushs to the front. A momentary lift of the arms, a lunge, and the cotton yarn trails behind. This is track!

This natural sport involves as great an amount of science as does the most highly complicated type of athletic endeavor. Tactful coaching has produced the majority of track champions. Demonstrative of what can be done to improve an athlete is Northwestern's Jimmy Smith. When he arrived at N.U. in 1937 to pursue his premed studies and play football, his ability as a high jumper was limited to 5'9", a height which in the Big Ten would far from guarantee a place.

In fact, he had not even considered coming out until Coach Hill spotted him in an intramural meet and persuaded him to come out. By the end of his freshman year he was jumping six feet. At the Illinois Relays in 1939 he tied for first place with Bob Diefenthaler. It was the only time that the latter failed to win his event that year. This year Jimmy has tied for the Conference Indoor and took first place at the Armour Relays. What success he enjoys is largely due to the direction of Coach Hill.

Another aspect of the sport is the stress which it places on individuality. A track man can seldom depend upon a team mate to pull him through. To get on the back stretch and hear the thudding feet and the short, panting breath of the runner just behind him, to feel the light breeze whistling in his ear and the loose cinders beneath his feet produces a sense of lonesomeness unequalled in any sport. In other words, everything depends upon one man.

Northwestern's first track luminaries date back before the World War. One of the first Wildcat champions was Stewart Crippen, who stood as second rating two-miler in the country in 1923. Two years later Alva Martin won the National Intercollegiate half-mile in 1:51.7. The same year he broke the National AAU thirty-year record for distance running in a rainstorm.

Beginning in 1928 and continuing through 1930 "Rut" Walter, now freshman basketball and track coach, blazed the cinder path for N.U. In his sophomore year he anchored Northwestern's championship half-mile relay team and during his junior year was the national champion in the quarter mile.

From the same home town as "Rut" was Tommy Warne. These sons of Kokomo, Indiana, were to establish records for Wildcats to shoot at for years to come. Tommy confined his efforts to the pole vault. Beginning his career while still in grade school he easily cleared thirteen feet during his freshman year at college. He was undefeated at the National Collegiate, a record which few athletes up to the present day

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LAKE MICHIGAN DAMN PROJECT VOTE DEMOCRATIC
3RD TERM FOR ROOS
REPUBLICAN
MASS MEETING
COME ONE ~ COME ALL
FREE BEER!
VOTE REPUBLICAN!
DO WE? YES DEWEY REPUBLICAN
PEOPLE'S HOICE
CLANCY
DOWN WITH EVERYTHING
WE WANT GLAMOR BOY McNUTT
POLLS
DEMOCRATIC BABE KISSING CAMPAIGN!
1940 MOCK 194
CONVENTION
AT N.U.
AS SEEN BY
BOB COWAN

GRAPHIC

Jean (Eleanor Powell) Arms and Bob (Fred Astaire) Cowan take the cup at the Second Semester Stomp.

Carl Sandburg lectures at Methodist Hall.

Here's looking at us! Patty Dorsey and Bud Pfister at the DAILY style show.

Tri Delta's Ginger Hoffman, candidate for the national Pi Kappa Alpha sweetheart contest.

M-m-m-m-m! Delta Gamma night club trio alias Marion Young, Dorothy Gump, and Marti Hill.

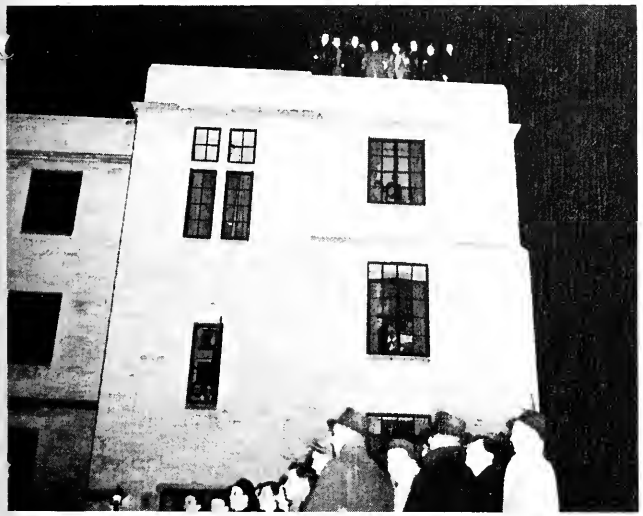
International table tennis queen, Mildred Bjone, Kappa Delta freshman.

Swingin' it out with D. G. chorus at the annual Delta Gamma night club.

NU'S — by Jim Bixby

Freshman commission round table. Left to right: Baker, Hutchison, Marshall, Knapp, Bevan; standing, Miller.

Mock convention organization board. Front row, left to right: McIntyre, Mac Minn, Morrison, Conroy. Second row: Smith, Roper, Wiechert, Munger. Standing: Aye, Hill, Reinke, Meyer, Ansan.



You're way up there — Fraternity serenade.

Jeanne Devereaux jumps the gun!

Hell week for pledge Shirley Fairburn and breakfast in bed for Dorothy Iverson, Gamma Phi Beta.

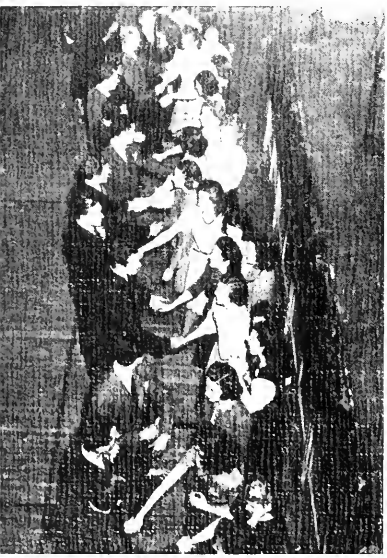
Don Clawson enjoys a ride in the Crosley.

'BAT'ING AROUND

Herb Peterson and Vin Wertens also preview WAA-MU comical selections for the 350 couples.

R. V. Cash enjoys Martha Lou Gortor's corsage as she pins it on his manly chest.

Frank Peddie thrills the 'BATS' with his selection from WAA-MU.



A very informal introduction was enjoyed by all.

'BATS' follow Leon Kranz with his novel grand march.

Jim Ward inspects his 5c corsage of packaged Sweet Peas which Eileen Butler proudly sowed on his lapel.

Photos and Layout by Jim Bixby

Supple, sleek jersey revealing the form divine. Breathtaking white, $17.95

Glamorous stripes, $29.95

Both from The Evening Shop, on Carson's Fourth Floor

PARROTING

In the Spring—

As spring comes closer and closer it becomes more and more evident, and we don't mean that the flower buds are opening and the birds are building either. Just take a quick and longing look at those piers down by the lake, and think, with every one else, how they soon will be occupied instead of classes. Ah, spring—the time you take all those cuts you wish to heaven you had saved. There are an awful lot of people that have caught the fever.

For instance:

Helen Gambrill (ΚΑΘ) is now officially engaged to **John Stewart,** a Princeton graduate.

And **Mary Jane Van Buskirk** (ΔΔΔ) took a pin (more of the fever coming out) from Lawrence College.

And **Jean Tait** (ΚΑΘ) is ringed to **Jimmy Gilsen.** It's a family tie-up as her sister is married to his brother.

Do you notice the abundance of off-campus rings? What do these Northwestern boys lack—maybe it's the rings.

But here is a pride-saver—**Anne Hardy** (ΓΦΒ) has become so attached to a boy on campus, namely **Ed Thurman** (SAE) that they have become engaged and thus saved the campus reputation. The campus stock also went up when the Easter Bunny brought **Margie Shera** (ΔΓ) a ring from **Frank Weatherwax** (ΒΘΠ).

The spring vacation may have been awfully short but it never could have been long enough to suit **Libby Schutter** (ΔΓ). Libby made a fast trip down to San Antonio and back to visit the West Pointer that she met when he was in flying school out here. He must have plenty on the ball, as that is an awfully long trip just to see pretty scenery.

Question: What house is **Bill Kelly** (ΦΚΤ) in **this** time?

Answer: Darned if it isn't **Dotty Gump** in the Delta Gamma House.

It would seem these days that the Phi Psis are sort of moving in on the Alpha Chis. **Fil Kriessl** is spending the better part of his free time, and also some of the better-devoted-to-study-time, over there with **B. J. Schumann.**

Guess who has settled down with pin and everything? It's **Dick Trenbeth** (ΦΚΣ) and **Mel Weichert** (ΚΚΓ) and they are dividing their time between each other and the Daily.

Here's another girl who has out-of-town heart interests in a big way. **Bev Taylor** (ΚΑΘ). Just ask her about her friend from Harvard.

This probably happened before the nice weather set in. **Mickey Cyrus** (ΔΟΠ) has broken her engagement to that boy in Milwaukee.

Pier No. 3 is reserved for that happily pinned couple, **Marian Keeler** (ΔΔΔ) and **Bob Mason** (ΔΤΔ), when the real warm weather comes.

The dating situation between **Dick Rastetter** (ΣΑΕ) and **Peggy Hudson** (ΔΔΔ) is growing better with the weather and is nearly as unpredictable.

Jean Vildebille (ΚΔ) has taken another pin—this time it's purely friendship with **Elmer Witte** (ΠΚΑ).

Monty Wells (ΣΧ) is constantly declaring his everlasting bachelor intentions. We know he's only trying to fool himself, however. Wait 'til spring.

The picture of **Cy McAndrews** (ΦΚΣ) is now adorning first place on the dresser of **Mary Gilkey** (ΚΑΘ). We thought he ought to know.

They finally done it. **Jean Hanna** (ΔΔΔ) and **Len Shepanek** (ΔΤΔ). And it *is* the pin!

The campus girls were pretty unhappy with the Alpha Chi Omegas the weekend of their convention. Nearly all unpinned men, and even a few of *them,* were procured way ahead of time for blind dates for the out-of-town Alpha Chis, and a few of the in-town ones. But that surely made a blank in a lot of girls' date books.

Vivien Stange (ΧΩ) has been devoting a great deal of time recently to **Dick Abercombe** (ΠΚΑ). In fact a *great* deal of time.

Have you heard about it?
Have you ever seen it?
Haven't you ever been there?

NICK'S MARTINI MANOR

or

Sloppy Nick's Place

Ask to see the beautiful Blue Room and they'll show it to you.

(See Nick Cutlitch (ΣΝ) for further information)

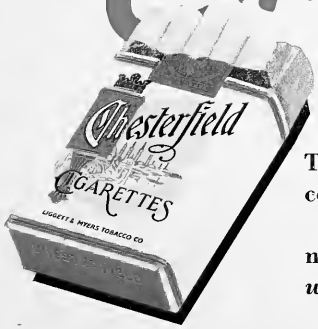
"I've been in the dumps all day"

FRANCESCA SIMS
of TEXAS
Chesterfield Girl of the Month

A roundup of all you want in a cigarette

CHESTERFIELD

they're **COOLER**
they **TASTE BETTER**
they're **DEFINITELY MILDER**



These are the things you get from Chesterfield's right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

Make sure of more smoking pleasure . . . make your next pack Chesterfield and you'll say *"They give me just what I want . . . THEY SATISFY."*

Copyright 1940, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

PI PHI JEAN CHUBB starts the vogue for pinafores that tie in a big bow at back and cover a sleek-as-a-whistle chambray play suit. Kappa Kitch's suspender shorts are heavy English linen, the shirt, a crush resistant contrast Chambray. Play suit and Pinafore, $15.00. Shorts, $5.95. Shirts, $1.95. From the Casual Clothes Shop, Carson's Fourth Floor.

CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO

Sa-weet swing. Crystal Ballroom at the Edgewater Beach.

A good time was had — Jeanne Rothenberg, Myron Piker, Jack Coney (co-chairman), and Joanne Hoff.

Interfraternity Ball

Hearts and flowers to Jean Chubb, Inter-Fraternity sweetheart.

o it's wo-n-derful! Bob Buchanan, Nini Cary and Betty Bange.

A-la Hal Kemp.

Photos and Layout by Jim Bixby

Co-ordination

Jan Wagner, Kappa Alpha Theta, in navy and white polka dot silk ha with a pretty feather . . . plus a matchi ing bag with natural wood frame.

Marijane Hurja, Gamma Phi, mode ing a taffeta bag and hat of wild gyp sy stripes.

Clothes by Carson Pirie Scott & C

Fashion illustration by GA

Jane Lee Davis, Delta Gamma, in a green and white checked hat, bag, and umbrella of taffeta.

Marion Young, Gamma Phi, looking like an old fashioned tin-type, in her stiff sailor hat and scarlet parabarella (for rain nor shine).

othes by Carson Pirie Scott & Co.

Fashion illustration by GANO.

On the Record!
Ein Prosit! Zwei Prosit! Drei – Shucks!
A Patchy Dance
How much to make you Dizzy?
Hula's Here!
Woof! Woof! Hellish ain't it?
(RED) DOODLE HOWARD

The CLOTHES LINE

BY JEAN BARTELME

CLASPED HANDS, the inimitable slow walk, and glassy looks are in vogue again . . . ok . . . go ahead and do the "waltz of the flowers" . . . effervesce . . . dance the samba, conga, and the bomba (oh my) . . . get willowy . . . flirt (or don't they call it that anymore?) . . . anyway do it . . . raise hyacinths . . . cut grass . . . smell flowers . . . gambol on the green . . . wear cute little hats with streamers on 'em . . . get a veil . . . and be colorful!

Help yourself to a filmy hand-tucked blouse . . . a "shocking blue" jacket or turban or accessories anyway, a "shocking blue" something . . . allow your waistline to drop several inches (sounds worse than it is), but all waistlines are falling . . . Then there is the parabarella, guess what that is, if you're the type, you should have one . . . They're for rain or shine and come in stripes, checks, plaids, and polka dots . . . related (and very closely) to the old fashioned umbrella, you'll look picturesque. . . Slap on (don't take me literally) a bit of Revlon's new Raven Red lipstick . . . they tell me that it "remains intact after meeting with glass or cigarette" . . . it's an idea anyway . . . ditto for the nails, oh you'll be a ravishing ONE all right.

It will be cotton spring and summer, so get to your collecting of play clothes, little dresses, and formals . . . cotton formals are nice because you can walk around the "links" in 'em without worrying about grass stains . . . Go ahead . . . roller skate . . . or be an ole' lazy daisy if you wanna . . . try the beach (in a new crinkly bathing suit) . . . wear an apron skirt . . . have some gay wedge shoes to go with your happy slappy mood . . . .

Don't cut classes (!) . . . do your term papers early . . . chunky jewelry again this spring . . . your purse and gloves can match too . . . plus your shoes if your heart so desires . . . ride around in your little car with the top down . . . do you hafta be told . . .no you don't . . . only wrap something around your head . . . a meshy turban perhaps . . . or do you want straw for hair? For the inevitable April showers, there are transparent raincoats . . . also smooth tailored jobs with fly fronts made of gabardine . . . some of them are white with crew hats to match. . . . When the sun comes out, revel in it and use a darker shade of powder. . . . Reduce . . . drink milk (if you don't want to reduce) . . . spring only comes once a year, so take advantage of it . . . go to church on Sundays . . . breathe deeply (you know . . . in comes the good air, out goes the bad air) . . . read poetry . . . and sing . . . at the top of your lungs . . . s'wonderful . . . spring . . .

☆ ☆ ☆

Try Parking on the Campus

According to college students, it seems the main thing is not the parking problem—it's the problem after parking.

☆ ☆ ☆

A pessimist is one who thinks all women are immoral. An optimist is one who merely hopes so.

☆ ☆ ☆

You Lose

Gambler (tossing coin in the air): "Call it."

Stooge: "Yoo, hoo."

☆ ☆ ☆

Note:

"Hey! You're sitting on some jokes I cut out."

"Ha! I thought I felt something funny."

☆ ☆ ☆

"Why are you taking that whistle with you tonight?"

"I have a date with a football player."

Photo by Jim Bixby

CAPRICIOUS Jean Bartelme, ΓΦΒ senior, "Bottle" to the favored. . . . horse and Beta lover—(at least, Chubby, a Beta from the University of Utah, calls her every Friday night from Salt Lake—Chubby, whom she has never met). . . .

Once collegiate fashion editor of Mademoiselle . . . would like to write for Vogue . . . fashion editor of the PARROT. . . .

Looovvvesss to dance . . . spends a fortune on her wardrobe . . . nuts about uniforms (dates an army officer) . . . one moment for, next moment definitely against any man of the moment . . . may be quoted as describing herself "No doubt the smoothest girl on campus but hasn't been discovered yet." . . .

Hawaiian fiend . . . formed Aloha club which only the super elite (girls itching to go to Hawaii) may enter . . . password is Aloha oe . . . nearest to the island in local color visited yet is French quarter of New Orleans where Bottle really went crazy . . . learning to hula . . . seems to practice hand movements while talking . . . will actually go to Hawaii next winter "to get away from it all" . . .

Commutes, but sister Gamma Phis say you'd never know it . . . especially there at mealtimes . . . eats like a horse . . . sleeps in the spare moments between meals. . .

Teaches civics to 22 (she counted them the other day; thought there were only 18) senior boys at New Trier . . . perpetually broke . . . knits spasmodically. . . .

A cosmopolitan . . . a sophisticated screwball. . . .

Viva Espana

Continued from page 9

feeling like a kid in the anteroom of the dentist's office.

"Say, Eichenbaum?" he heard Larsen say. "What's it like to shoot a guy?" The corporal shrugged his shoulders and fingered his rifle.

"Uh, I don't know. It's not bad if you remember what the man you shoot represents. It becomes sort of a game."

A game! Jeff's flesh crawled at the words. Always before, this had seemed far away and unreal—this shooting. But now—now he, Jefferson Bates, would be called upon to shoot men as calmly as he had punctured targets in training. How would he act and feel? He who had never been able to shoot a sparrow with a BB gun.

The order came to march. They entered a forest, and shells began screaming in earnest. Pazienza mumbled; Larsen's lip quivered. They turned off the main road down what might have been a bridle path. Through the trees on the right, came the sounds of battle. They set off at double time down the narrow trail.

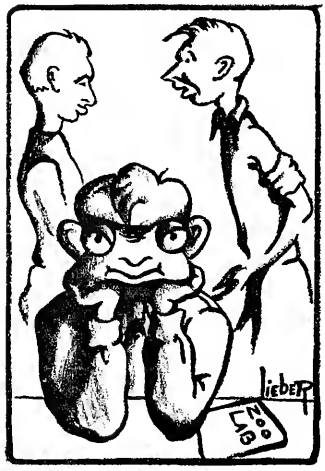
They halted in a clearing where they found a tin hut, several dilapidated motor lorries, and a number of ragged men unloading crates from the trucks into the hut. Their captain, a burly ex-marine, stepped out in front of the men and commanded silence.

"The first platoon will go into the trenches immediately," he shouted. "Any of you needing ammunition for your belts can get it here. Keep your heads low. Don't get rattled. Remember what you learned in training. We're close enough to the enemy to use battle sights, but don't waste shots. Don't jerk your triggers or you'll throw your aim off. Pull them slowly. Squeeze them. Above all, don't get rattled!"

Jeff heard the words as if in a nightmare. His was the first platoon. "Pull them slowly. Squeeze them. Don't get rattled." Ironical words! They moved forward. The blood beat against Jeff's temples. Presently they came upon a ditch in the forest guarded by sentries. Lt. Novak halted the platoon and studied a map.

"Men of the first and second squads come forward," he said. "This is the feeder trench which leads to the main trench at right angles to it. Follow it to the main trench, and for God's sake keep low!" He spoke excitedly, sibilantly. With his pointed beard he looked like Satan. He nodded to Eichenbaum. "Corporal, you will take charge of the detail. Take them to our old section of trench and reinforce Curtis's men wherever possible. I will be along—" A heavy barrage drowned out his last words.

"Single file, follow me! Eichenbaum jumped down into the ditch and headed off through the forest. Somebody pushed Jeff and sent him down in the trench after the others. He fell and crawled in the slime for what seemed hours. Fear ripped his



"He's taking this course too seriously."

stomach to shreds. The soldier in front of him kicked him in the face. The roar of the battle increased and the air was filled with acrid smoke.

"Main trench ahead!" the corporal yelled over his shoulder and turned to the right.

Jeff found himself in the deeper front line trench, brushing the backs of men firing along the sandbag wall. He tripped and his steel helmet fell over his eyes. The guns so deafened him that he felt rather than heard the great detonations around him. Bright flashes blinded his eyes. The men in front of him had stopped crawling and those behind had stopped pushing. He rested weakly against the rear wall of the trench and tried to get his breath.

How long he stayed there he didn't know. Suddenly he heard Eichenbaum's voice. "For Christ's sake, Bates, get at that loophole and start firing."

Jeff staggered to his feet and lurched against the sandbags. He could hear the bullets thudding against the other side and whizzing overhead. There beside him was the loophole edged in wood, and he could see Eichenbaum watching him from the corner of his eye. He would stick his rifle through the hole, but he wouldn't need to aim and kill anybody. But what if a bullet found him through the aperture? He leaned for a moment more against the sandbags.

Eichenbaum cursed violently and looked from the vacant loophole to Jeff. With wild, clawing hands, Jeff ripped the rifle from his back, where it had remained slung, tore a clip of bullets from his belt, pressed them into the breech, and thrust the rusty bolt home. Then he knelt in the mud and shoved his rifle through the hole. Quaking, he looked down the long, rusty barrel over the battlefield. Figures were heading for his trench, great numbers of them. Sweat poured into his eyes. He couldn't shoot—not men! He pointed the muzzle of his rifle downward at the ground in front of the trench, closed his eyes, and jerked the trigger. Once. Twice.

There was a terrific scream near him in the trench. He dropped his riffle and looked in the direction of it. There on the tar paper bottom of the trench lay a man, writhing. A comrade bent over the screaming soldier, trying to unbutton his collar. He was a tall fellow. Jeff knew him. Larsen! Jeff staggered over to the pair. Larsen finished unfastening the collar and looked Jeff in the eye. "Pazienza," he said and made a helpless gesture with his great hands.

They looked down. Pazienza lay with his shaggy head tilted backward so that his beard pointed heavenward. The light shown on his greasy skin and the identification tag around his neck. A crimson stream pelted from his mouth and fell over

Continued on next page

Politicosis

Continued from page 10

it? Politicosis' answer to that question is an unqualified yes. We would classify the benefits of a well-run Mock Convention under four main heads:

First, everyone that has anything to do with it will have plenty of fun, which isn't repulsive to any of us.

Second, there is the rather important experience for those participating in actually working a portion of democracy's machinery. Maybe our classroom mouthings about democracy and politics will mean a little more when we have seen at close range how those two things work.

Third, beyond a doubt it will bring superb publicity for the University of the intellectual and educational kind she has lacked most of this year.

Fourth, and most important, those students participating in the formulating of the platform and in its amending process will engage in a process of constructive, serious, and well-grounded thought upon the tremendous problems which will face us as citizens when we have left the shelter of Northwestern's halls and classrooms. Both the process and the platform it will produce, are in themselves, more than sufficient justification for the convention. That sounds a little funny, coming from us; but we mean it just the same.

Only Northwestern's student body can make the convention a success; but we have a hunch that this is one worthwhile activity those students will push, and push hard.

Hence Politicosis' prediction about the 1940 Mock Convention is that it will be an even greater success than was the one in 1936.

☆ ☆ ☆

Soft the new love tells his lies,
And, ah, he tells them well;
Demurely, I turn down my eyes—
Alone, I laugh like hell.

—Betty Alexander

Viva Espana

Continued from page 28

the matted, black hair on his chest. His head fell lifelessly to the side.

Jeff closed his eyes. Then he turned and headed back for the loophole. He was surprised to find himself calmer than he had been. His hands shook violently, but his mind was somehow clear and forced them to their task. He knelt down, planted the rifle firmly against his shoulder, and looked through the sights out onto the field. The figures had been thinned out, but they had come closer. He could see their long bayonets gleaming. Carefully he picked one out, aimed, and very slowly squeezed the trigger.

You Did Love Your
DILLY
Didn't You?

Watch for the
1940 Version of the
Dilly Northwestern
in the May
PURPLE PARROT

First Bottle of Milk—Let's neck.

Second Ditto—O.K. Let's go curdle in a corner.—*Log.*

☆ ☆ ☆

The farmer heard that Henry Ford was seeking tin for use in his latest mechanical marvel. So he tore the roof off his barn and sent it to Michigan. A week later he received the following communication:

"Though your car was in very bad condition, we can promise delivery by the first of the month."

☆ ☆ ☆

See:

"Hey, you're sitting on some jokes I cut out!"

"I thought I felt something funny."

Bird's Eye View

Continued from page 5

gayety with the people we know best . . . it is college.

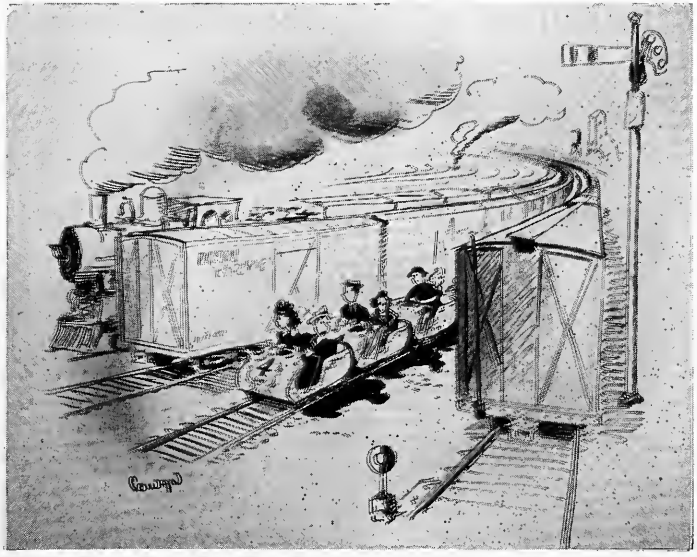
This ghost bothers us frequently until we just take matters into our own hands and walk up Sheridan road to P——, pardon us, past Garret. The ghost gives us a nudge, and says "See!" but we have a hunch that in an absent minded moment, we still will dial the gym number and expect an answer from—a pile of wreckage.

* * *

It's funny what profound truths issue from the mouths of babes. A near-sighted coed was relating her reactions to her first burlesque show. "I was so embarrassed," she exclaimed, "I took my glasses off!" To what avail Plato or an ivory tower—science solves the problem.

* * *

There is one detail that intrigues and puzzles us. For days we viewed with admiration the sign in Swift Engineering announcing the dance, the "Technical Tussle." We remarked to our seat-partner on the ingenuity of engineers. One morning the bright yellow letters were erased and in their place was the appellation, the "Slide Rule Slide." We're just wondering what process of reasoning brought about the change. Could it be that the engineers are getting squeamish?



Track Steps Out

Continued from page 14

can claim. Although he was tied in 1929 and 1931 by Illinois' great vaulter, Verne McDermont, Tommy broke through for top honors in 1930. His mark of 14′ is still the record at the Drake Relays. One of his favorite tricks was to perch himself in thin air at about 13′, pick up the pole and carry it with him across the bar. To top it all off, he would be waiting to catch it when it came down. Strangely, his best marks were made when jumping in his stocking feet.

Ollie Duggins upheld Northwestern's honor from 1932 to 1934 by his achievements in the 220 low hurdles. Where Ollie left off Jack Fleming took up in the half mile. He and the famous Charley Beetham of Ohio State battled it out for three years beginning in 1934. 1936 saw a great mile relay team composed of Ensley, Fleming, Keitel, and Hague.

1937 is noted for an amazing period for Northwestern in the shot put. Three men, Justin Dart, Tiny Lewis, and Arnold Karston did not lose a single point in the event that year.

Any discussion or writing of Northwestern track would be incomplete without mention of the man who has supervised it since 1921—Frank Hill. His skill in directing young men toward athletic endeavors is proved by the array of fine athletes that he has produced. His character can best be judged by the loyalty which he receives from his men.

At the present time Myron Piker rules the Big Ten in the dashes. He took both the indoor and the outdoor honors last year after favoring a pulled muscle received at the Drake Relays early in the outdoor season. The Drake Delays was, incidentally, the occasion for the famous "105" yard dash, when some obliging individual measured the century five yards extra for "good measure."

"Pike" has gotten away to a good start this year with a repeat win in the Indoor Conference and should enjoy another good season.

Jimmy Smith tied Don Canham in the high jump indoors and can be expected to give the Michigan ace a fight for high honors this May when the boys meet in Evanston for the Conference championship.

Especially deserving of notice is high hurdler Joe Finch. Joe placed second at the Ilinois Relays, first at Armour, and third at the Conference Indoor. At the 110 yard route outdoors he will push champion Ed Smith of Wisconsin to the limit. Sharing the high hurdles duty with Joe will be Ace Horton. Ace turned in good times last year and will top the timbers in fine fashion again this spring.

Although his early performances this year were not outstanding, vaulter Ed Thistlewaite is regaining his form after spraining both of his ankles early last year. With their continued improvement he is expected to lift himself back to the standards he set early in the 1939 season.

Russ Ray and Don Smith are both outstanding in the high jump. Russ

"Here, here, Anderson, no star gazing."

hit 6′2″ on one occasion and Don is capable of the same height. Under good conditions either of them might clear 6′3″.

Big Don Clawson and Henry Ovson will be consistent performers in the weight events, while Jack Ryan is expected to fire the javelin for his third season.

Other stellar Wildcats are Chuck Horvath, Dave Ransay, Jim Mullendore, and Jerry Schneider, who compose the mile relay team. While Schneider and Ransay will probably stick to the 440, Mullendore will move up to the half mile and Horvath will run the 220 yard low hurdles and broad jump. The middledistance events will be taken over by Don Knapp and Bob Carmody.

Northwestern has the opportunity this year to see one of the country's finest track competition, at the Conference Outdoor, May 24-25. The last time that the event was held here, Jesse Owens ran wild. This year will see outstanding performances in the 440, the 220 low hurdles, the 880, and the two mile. Listed below are my selections in order of preference.

100 yard dash—Piker, NU; Alan Smith, Mich.; Franck, Minn.

220 yard dash—Piker, NU; Alan Smith, Mich.; Peil, Mich.

440 yard dash—Breidenbach, Mich.; Cockrun, Ind.; Sultzman, O.

Half mile—Kane, Ind.; Buxton, O.

Mile—Kane, Ind.; Schwartzkopf, Mich.; Holderman, P.

2 mile—Schwartzkopf, Mich.

High hurdles—Smith, Wis.; Finch, NU; Kelley, Mich.; Olsen, Ill.

High jump—Canham, Mich.; J. Smith, NU; Ray, NU; D. Smith, NU.

Pole vault—Williams, W.; Linta, O.; Davidson, Chi.; Defield, Minn.; Thistlewaite, NU.

Shot put—Harris, Ind.; Paskvan, W.

Discus—Harris, Ind.; Paskvan, W.; Hook, Mich.

Broad jump—Hodgson, Minn.; Lewis, Ill.; Culver, Mich.

220 low hurdles—Cockrun, Ind.; Smith, W.; Barnard, Mich.

There are many question marks involved. Cockrun now holds the world's record for the 440 indoor, but his best race is the 220 low hurdles. Although he will certainly run the quarter it is my opinion that Michigan's Briedenbach, last year's champion, will lead the Indiana star outdoors on two curves.

The half mile is definitely a battle between Buxton and Kane. The race might depend upon whether Kane runs the mile. In this race his competition includes Purdue's fine miler, Holderman, and Michigan's Schwartzkopf. The latter is a sure winner in the two mile but will undoubtedly try for a double. The pole vault seems to be an open field among the five men. All of them are capable of 13 feet 6 inches but the chances are that they will not hit 14 feet.

Predictions have been based upon the indoor season as well as last year's performances. Any selection of this kind is fallible. Pulled muscles, slumps, weather, and breaks are influences which in track are indeterminate but can be expected. There is little doubt however that Michigan will retain the team title.

☆ ☆ ☆

No Extra Room

Thoughtful Friend: "My good man, why don't you take the street car home?"

Illuminated One: "Sh, no ushe. Wife wouldn't let me keep it in the houshe."

ANNOUNCING CARSON'S
COLLEGE PALM BEACH CONTEST FOR MEN

$100 in merchandise certificates divided between the 4 college men who ensemble the smartest summer wardrobe built around Palm Beach suits and slacks, and write the best 50 word statement on "How to use the Men's Store's new color cues in ensembling your summer wardrobe."

THE CONTEST

To be held in the Men's Store from May 15th to May 25th . . . in the clothing department. All entries due by June 1st.

THE PRIZES

First Prize $50 Merchandise Certificate
Second Prize $25 Merchandise Certificate
Third Prize $15 Merchandise Certificate
Fourth Prize $10 Merchandise Certificate

HOW TO WIN THE $100

Go to the clothing department any day during the period from May 15th to May 25th. There you will find a display of Palm Beach Suits and slacks, ties, hats, shirts, and socks . . . All you do is to study these accessories and give us your opinion of what to wear with Palm Beach (1) for business (2) for sport. Enter this on our contest blank prepared for this purpose and write a 50 word statement on "How to use our Men's Store's new color cues in ensembling your summer wardrobe." To the 4 best all 'round answers the Judges will award the prizes.

THE COMPLETE DETAILS OF THIS CONTEST WILL BE FOUND LATER IN THE DAILY NORTHWESTERN . . . .

BLANKS FOR THE CONTEST MAY BE SECURED THROUGH THE PURPLE PARROT AND DAILY NORTHWESTERN OFFICES . . AND FIRST OR SECOND FLOOR . . THE MEN'S STORE

CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO

THE MEN'S STORE, MONROE AT WABASH

BE SURE
to
STOP
at the
VILLA
DE METRE

"Northwestern's Rendezvous"

It's the place to go

- After School
- The Theatre
- The Formal

Enjoy an afternoon snack in the Spanish atmosphere of this beautiful villa. Try its delicious barbecued chicken and hamburgers.

•

I'LL
MEET YOU
AT

DE METRE'S
1657 Sheridan Road
WILMETTE, ILLINOIS

PETER PAU

By Don Wingate and Bob Beisang

Even though the current trend is toward "Tuxedo Junction," we find the debonair Peter Paul Parrot has socked his winter formal away in mothballs and bedecked himself in an immaculate white coat. To enter the social swirl of early summer in proper attire is one of Pete's most steadfast customs.

Of all the social-minded students (this word is to be used with caution), our purple-hued parrot is undoubtedly the most elusive. After searching hostelries, local and distant, we finally cornered him, and, by giving each of two beautiful dollies with him a double-match hotfoot, we finally got Mr. P. P. P. to give us the following dope on spots for the month:

ON LOCATION:

As the stately clock on University Hall tolls midnight, Peter Sherlock Holmes Parrot finds the LIME-HOUSE on Howard Street to be a hub of activity. Under the entrepreneurial leadership of the new manager, Benjamin Joe, the LIME-HOUSE has cast off the previous cover and minimum charge but has retained the best in the entertainment line — namely Emil Van Toff and his orchestra. The spacious dance floor makes dancing a pleasure while the excellent food and smart cocktail bar make an evening complete to the last detail.

With spring in the air and long drives the vogue, the GLASS HOUSE at Lincoln and Touhy is really coming into its own. As a place to stop to quench one's thirst or to idle away the hours dining and dancing, it gets four bells—quote Pete the Parrot. A smart cocktail Lounge takes care of the gourmet desire, and the music of Bill Bennett—organist deluxe

Emil Dohl Presents
The Country Club Cafe with a Downtown Atmosphere

Excellent Full
Course Dinner

DANCE
to
The Swing Kings
Featuring
Jerry Potter
at the piano

NO COVER NO MINIMUM

Again Featuring
THE POPULAR
NORTHWESTERN AMATEUR CONTESTS

THE DEL SHORE
DEMPSTER STREET JUST WEST OF McCORMICK

PREVUES

plus Fifi, adept vocalist, handles the dance urge. To quote Pete—a must for the month.

ROBIN HOOD'S BARN, a facsimile of architecture in the days of rotund, jocund Friar Tuck, is achieving a name for itself in the field of campus food dispensers by selling tasty dishes at most reasonable prices. The uninformed newcomer, after he has nonchalantly ordered a cup of coffee, is amazed when he receives a soup bowl of steaming black java. He is more amazed, however, when the check says 10 shekels will suffice.

On his latest visit to the NEW CLUB SILHOUETTE, Peter Paul noted some new additions to the large troup of entertainers. Chief of these is Eddie Danders who really does things with a coronet. The versatility of this amiable zany does not end there, however—for his impersonations of Hitler, Mussolini, and the rest of "the boys" are really somepin' to see. Other factors contributing to your entertainment are the multitudes of de' lovely singers and the sweet tunes of Ollie Harris and his Swingtet.

In keeping with the soft spring breezes that have descended on N. U. with such suddenness Peter Paul instinctively thinks of the SOUTH SEAS (and I don't mean the islands) out on Pratt Boulevard and Lincoln Avenue. To those of you who are unacquainted with this bizarre spot Pete adds that it carries out the South Seas theme of rattaned walls, furniture, etc., to a "T" — even to the Bushman spears. This is a spot that has long been popular with the people hailing from the north and south quads — especially so in the spring. Because of its uniqueness,

Please turn page

Emil Van Toff
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

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DINE
DANCE
ROMANCE

ENJOY AN EVENING ON
A TROPICAL ISLAND

See— A Real Tropical
"Rain Storm"
While You're
Cozy Inside

Hear— The Gondoliers
Presenting
"Music as You
Like It"

Enjoy the New
Beachcomber Room
Opening May 1st

South Seas

LINCOLN AVE. and PRATT BLVD.
LINCOLNWOOD
No Cover or Minimum at Any Time
STEVE GANNON—MGR.

Peter Paul Previews

Continued from page 33

the geniality of its manager, Steve Gannon, and the torrid rhythms of the Gondoliers, Pete puts it down as one of the *musts* for April.

JERRY POTTER of the SWING KINGS at the DEL SHORE confidentially tells us this weird tale. ED SLADEK, clarinet artist of the organization, believes firmly in reincarnation, this being his third time back. ED claims he was once an

Ed Sladek plays his "Serenade to a Louely Crocodile."

Egyptian prince and clearly recalls the happy days when he sailed up the river Nile with such celebrities as Cleopatra, who was his great love. ED is a composer of note, mostly in the oriental vein. He recently went to the sandy beaches of Florida where in the costume of his ancestors and the local color of the palm trees he found the inspiration for his latest tune, "A Serenade to a Lonely Crocodile." Another hit by ED is "Midnight in Happy John's Dogshop." During his last spasm in Florida a charming girl fell under the spell of his clarinet, so our prince charming has brought back a wife and a crocodile. Jerry says, "ED is not a screwball, but just odd. His understudy is the guy that's really wacky!"

SMOOTH:

Peter Paul, in his varied and sundry social excursions, has run into many Northwesternites who enthusiastically endorse the BALINESE ROOM in the Blackstone Hotel . . . and small wonder! Can you imagine "no cover charge and no minimum" in as sophisticated a place as this? Not only should the aforesaid statement sound an assembly call in the ear of the thrifty scholar, but the music, rendered by Pliner and Earle's Orchestra with a charming songstress like Dale Evans, adds further incentive for putting the BALINESE ROOM on the preferred list.

"The Best Dixieland Band in the Land," Bob Crosby and his orchestra featuring the famous Bob Cats and Marion Mann, have made a triumphant return march into the BLACKHAWK.

The Crosby aggregation has been away from the BLACKHAWK bandstand for almost a full year, and during that time, they have been playing on a commercial radio program from New York, and have established themselves as one of the most versatile bands in the country.

On his radio program, Bob Crosby has been building up the various personalities in his band, and now rightfully boasts of having more known personalities in his band than any other orchestra in the country. Bob can afford to do this better than anyone else because he isn't afraid to lose any of these key men. The band is a cooperative organization, eight of the men holding stock in the band, thus participating in the profits, rather than just receiving the usual musician's salary.

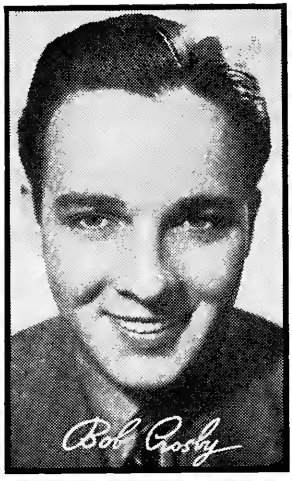
Among the personalities in the Crosby band are Ray Bauduc, at the drums, Eddie Miller at tenor saxophone, and Bobby Haggart at the big bass viol, all of whom were chosen by Paul Whiteman in his All-American band poll. Bobby Haggart, who was tagged, the "Koussevitsky of Swing," by Time Magazine, has established himself as a top songwriter since leaving the BLACKHAWK, through his composition, "What's New?" which was at the top of the hit parade of songs for many weeks.

Other members of the famous Bob Cats include Nappy Lamar, and his "beat-up guitar," Jess Stacy, piano, Warren Smith, trombone, Billie Butterfield, trumpet, Irving Fazola, clarinet, and Marion Mann, who is still carrying the vocal honors along with maestro Bob Crosby.

The BLACKHAWK has resumed its regular Sunday afternoon tea dance meetings of the Bob Cat Club. Names of those attending the meeting are put into a hat, from which ten names are drawn every Sunday. Those whose names are drawn from the hat receive a Bob Cat Club certificate as well as one of Crosby's latest Decca recordings.

In the famous EMPIRE ROOM of the Palmer House, Hal Kemp and his famous band are continuing to draw in ye paying customers. Contributing factors toward his popularity are the music itself — Hal can play in seven distinct styles—and vocalist Janet Blair and Bob Allen. Janet, who is only 18 years old and very lovely, really puts her heart into "Speak Your Heart."

The novel and exciting spectacle of the floor show is Tiger Cage, which is composed of 12 terrific



Chief Bobcat

tigresses. Individual stars in the floor show are Ray Davis, who imitates phonograph records, and George Tapps, famed tap dancer artist. This is an extravaganza which Peter Paul bids you see.

At the CONTINENTAL ROOM of the Stevens, Griff Williams and his orchestra continues to slay 'em with dance music in the smooth manner.

For those who go in for dancing the rhumba in all of its variations, Peter Paul suggests La Conga which

is featured in the room every Thursday night. At this time Griff abandons his usual style and plays rhumba rhythm which should satisfy even the most exact terpsichoreans.

Pete also notes that the "Search for Talent" auditions which are held in the room every Friday night are somepin' to see and plans to be on hand for the final elimination at the end of April.

TIDBITS:

Ben Pollack and his band who opened in the PANTHER ROOM on April 12 are more than adequately maintaining the Room's swing tradition. Pollack's newest offering to the swing fad is "double-barreled" rhythm. This features Pollack at the drums out front, playing simultaneously with drummer Graham Stevenson, handling another set.

The PUMP ROOM of the Ambassador East has held over currently popular Matty Malneck and his orchestra.

The BUTTERY is offering a new revue with Don Garce and his orchestra plus June and Kay Nelson, petite singers.

THE NEW CLUB SILHOUETTE

Presents

THE HOWARD STREET BLITZKRIEG

Featuring

HITLER! MUSSOLINI!
ROOSEVELT! DALADIER!

Impersonated by

EDDIE DANDERS

Assisted by

JOAN BAYLOR AND HER PIANO

Continuous Entertainment by

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with **FIFI,** *Song Stylist* . . . **Entertaining Nightly 6 p.m. to 2 a.m., except Monday**

Jam Session

Continued from page 11

CLIFF ASPEGREN, Phi Gamma Delta . . . leader of campus dance band . . . music chairman of Waa-Mu for four years.

BOB NOEL, Delta Tau Delta junior . . . amateur swingster—with his own ideas on the subject!

Aspegren:

"Jazz" was put through a reorganization period. It had been tried and was found wanting. Swing was in its embryonic stages. A new era in folk music appeared on the horizon—one in keeping with the American tradition of freedom of expression.

The musical attack changed from one of rigidity to one of plasticity. Soloists found that their improvisations improved in direct proportion to the solidity of the background played by their fellow orchestra men. It was the era of the explorer, delving into the field of undiscovered possibilities.

When Benny Goodman flashed across the American sky, like a comet in flight, he brought with him, not a new untried form of music, but one with an integrated combination of harmony and counterpoint based on the American feeling for the four-four beat. He brought us the product of the many "jam sessions" in which he had played an integral part—with sweet but piercing saxophones carrying a melody, supported by a solid brass section filling in the vacant spots between the phases of the theme. He featured the steady pounding rhythm accenting the "upbeat" or "offbeat" as it is often called—a glorious opportunity for each artist to improvise against a perfectly blended "organ" accompaniment.

The dance band as a unit had come into its own. Original jazz had been transmuted to the new "swing." The improving process is still continuing. Artie Shaw has built on the fine foundation laid by Benny Goodman, while Glenn Miller and Jan Savitt have taken up the torch.

Living music has earned for itself the right to be recognized as an important phase in the development of American music. The future cannot be predicted accurately, but there is no doubt that with the continuous exploration of the field of harmony by such artists as Glenn Miller, Harry James, and Duke Ellington, and such orchestrators as Will Hudson, Fletcher Henderson, and Joe Haymes, there will evolve a kind of music affording even greater possibilities for expression than that which we today call "swing."

Noel:

Junction" is but a pattern of sounds. To be more than that, to approach art even in a minor sense, it is necessary for the composition to carry an "idea," that the men understand, feel, and convey as they play. Where can there be even faint logic in supposing that men like Miller's are musicians? "Technicians" is the proper title.

Jazz music, it must be conceded, has form in rhythm and melody. A rhythm section is the base of the modern jazz band, and upon the beat that section creates, there is superimposed a melody by the rest of the instruments. In this respect, Miller, Clinton, and Dorsey have bands of adequate ability playing skillfully arranged rhythm patterns. The "late" Artie Shaw says that a good band is one that "employs subtlety" in "exploring all the possibilities" of a melody. By possibilities he means the ability of the melody to lend itself to the rhythm patterns, and the rare ability to define a mood. Shaw prefers the "Blues" to "Scatterbrain" not because blues tunes are more popular, but because they are far more capable of being played with subtlety and emotion. One of Shaw's reasons for hating song-pluggers is that they are part of a system that forced him to play songs that could not be done in any way other than a mechanical one. Like most other leaders, he managed to play trash in a form that delighted high school girls and waitresses, but the form was so unpalatable and tedious that he himself could not stomach it.

Continued on next page

I have meant to intimate that there is jazz music with both significant form and significant content. It is a rare, fleeting thing, and is buried in the welter of hack tunes. Because it is not recognized and appreciated by most people, it does not bring much reward to its artists, and seldom can a group of superior musicians that specializes in "artistic" jazz alone stay together. I think the most recent attempt to maintain a band emphasizing art and not movie love was made by Muggsy Spanier, but for lack of a following, his band has broken up. The band made a number of recordings for *Bluebird*, and out of them are two that will last — "Sister Kate" and "Big Butter and Egg Man." They are done simply without an outward veneer of sensationalism. Conditioned as we are to standard patterns, it is hard to understand a new form. I admit that at first I played these records over many times before the feeling of the sincere trumpet solos, the exhilarating piano breaks, and the fiery rhythm became understandable. Now I find myself hurrying home to play them, and because it took a while to learn to like them, I know it will take a greater while to forget them. Spanier is only one of a group of musicians who have succeeded in recording jazz good enough to stand the test of time, and I mention him because he has the merit of being current, available, and inexpensive.

The word is being passed around that jazz music is fading away, and the trend of modern music is towards "sweet swing" and smutty ditties with double entendre. What is really happening is that bad "swing" is becoming tiresome, and the popular bands are substituting sentimentality. But the artistic element in jazz is winning more support. There has been an increase in intelligent criticism arising from the consideration of jazz on standards of excellence brought to the surface by time. We have learned what qualities of jazz will stand up. The outlook for jazz is rosy, for it seems to me that there is at least a grain of sense in the assumption that "sweet swing" will alienate even more people than bad "hot swing," and there is the cheery possibility that the attention of those people will be turned to true jazz and its unlimited possibilities of expression.

A BOX OF LIFE SAVERS FOR THE BEST WISECRACK!

●

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week? For the best line submitted each month, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver Flavors. Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication.

No love life had a guy named Ed
Because his breath smelled rawther dead.
But Ed tried Pep-O-Mints and now
With all the cuties he's a wow!

MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and refresh your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.

The Parrot did ***NOT*** *exaggerate!*

"Babes cry for it—"

The 1941 Syllabus

Where-it-eer

MOST ACTIVE MEMBER of the Whereit staff, is Small Guy Absent, appropriately nicknamed Neither Here Nor There. . . . Born of transparents, hails from the second story over a vacant lot. . . .

Starts the day out right with a breakfast of sliced d o n u t holes and vanishing cream over ghost toasties. . . . His favorite drink?—Evaporated milkshake.

In spare moments he takes his horse out of the fable and is gone with the wind . . . or is collecting smoke rings with his pal, the invisible man.

His favorite drinking song: Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes . . . which may have something to do with his menagerie of purple cows, pink elephants, and a Bismarck.

Will probably spend rest of his life in a mirage, whispering sweet nothings to Scarlet O'Whera.

—by L. M. W. W. T.

☆ ☆ ☆

And then there was the cat who ate cheese and stood by the mousehole with baited breath.

☆ ☆ ☆

Math Prof: "Now watch the blackboard, while I run through it again."

RENT
CORRECT
FORMAL ATTIRE

AT MOMENT'S NOTICE AT MODERATE PRICES

Carefully altered to fit the individual.

189 North Clark St.
DEARBORN 9280

GINGISS BROS.

NEXT MONTH

BETA SIGMA ELECTS!

Who will it be?

It is better to have loved and lost—yes much better.

SATIRE!
HUMOR!

The Dilly Northwestern

In the May
PURPLE PARROT

Important:

"Hey! You're sitting on some jokes I cut out."

"Ha! I thought I felt something funny."

Sequel to a Debut

I'm up for sale. Any smooth male will do.
Any penthouse on Fifth Avenue will fill the bill.
But still, I shall quite miss my sparkling jewels,
Sulphured pools, drunken fools
Who gigilo the debs with long-rolled hair,
Knightly, debonair, dodging the crisp night air
To limousine their way from dusk to day
Along Society Way.
He must be smooth, be able to sooth me
To the Nth degree at breakfast, luncheon, tea;
Charm the girls who know he's mine,
Dance divine, be witty, nonchalant,
Want wine, gaiety, and maybe love.
And above all, he must make me his specialty,
Live a life that's free—for me,
With summers in the mountains and winters
By the sea.
Brush aside the fireside and the weekly callers.
He should be—well, an orphan with a million dollars!

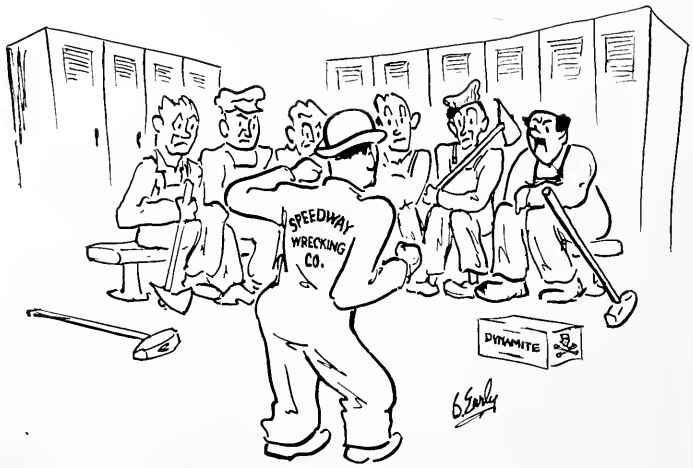
—*A. B. Magruder*

☆ ☆ ☆

Ambiguous

From a church signboard:

> Evening Subject:
> "What Is Hell Like?"
> Come and Hear Our Organist.



"We can tear hell out of this gym, boys, are ya with me?"

Radio Opens Its Eyes

Continued from page 12

holding its breath until it can begin to live.

Here lies the future for thousands who can recognize opportunity when they hear it tapping. Actors and designers slanting at Hollywood, technicians tilting for radio, journalists aiming at the newspapers, might well consider going West, figuratively, and growing up with television. The range of occupations is as great as that in the greatest of industries, and there is the advantage of starting out in life with a mushrooming business which is still in its infancy.

Well-known Northwestern impersonator, Art Ford, expressed the opinion of a few far-sighted collegiates when he said, "There's no future like the future, so I'm going to try like hell to get into television." Building his college training around this goal, Art has taken courses which will give him a broad background of knowledge adaptable to the rapid changes of a new industry.

Electrical engineers might well consider taking graduate work in the R.C.A. Institute in New York City which has set up television instruction along with technical training in the other radio fields.

It is said that the prosperity of the radio industry postponed the inevitable economic debacle until 1929. At the present time some would-be prophets are saying that in television and radio lies the way out of the red and into the black ink on the national ledger.

Adding to those words of these mighty prophets, I will say, "Don't say somebody didn't tell you that television is the biggest ground floor in America today. And for people who don't mind gambling a little with their vocations, the ground floor is still the place from which all elevators leave."

☆ ☆ ☆

"I was shot thru the leg in the war."

"Have a scar?"

"No, thanks. I don't smoke."

☆ ☆ ☆

"Hey! You're sitting on some jokes I cut out.",

"Ha! I thought I felt something funny."

Strange Interlude

The car had entered Schenley Park;
It jolted to a stop.
There was no moon; the night was dark.
Her heart began to hop.

He sat there staring into space;
He turned and looked at her.
A flush spread over her sweet face;
She hid it in her fur.

He stammered, "Dot, oh Dot! oh, gee!!"
"Yes, yes! Go on," she cried.
He turned and stared out at a tree,
And she sank back and sighed.

He slipped his arm around her.
"Dot" . . .
In back they heard a cough.
"Oh, gosh! there's something I forgot—
To leave my mother off."

☆ ☆ ☆

POET: "Is the editor in?"

INFORMATION GIRL: "No."

POET: "Well, just throw this poem in the waste basket for him, will you?"

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NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT
which safely
STOPS *under-arm* **PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not harm dresses, does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of The American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

39¢ a jar
Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars

25 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold . . . Try a jar today—at any store which sells toilet goods.

ARRID

TRIAL JAR: Send 10 cents (stamps or coins) or a generous size jar of Arrid to Carter Products Inc., 40 Park Place, New York City.

Tail Feathers

Spring

When spring is here I like to roam
the field and make the woods my
home.
I like to jump and run about
and gambol in the water sprout.
I'd sing my joy with gurgles and
glugs
if it weren't for those gosh darn bugs,
gnats, mosquitoes, junebugs, flies,
bees, ants, caterpillars, centipedes,
spiders, dragonflies, water bugs,
who squirm, twist, crawl, slither,
climb,
bite, buzz, sting, wriggle, slide, zig-
zag
Up and down my legs, arms, spine,
etc.
and itch like hell.

☆ ☆ ☆

Second (to boxer): "Well, old man, I'm afraid you're licked now."

Boxer (gazing dizzily across to opposite corner): "Yeah, I should have got him in the first round when he was alone."

☆ ☆ ☆

Here
again is
one of those
triangles. The
idea is not particu-
larly new, but yet it is
amazing that despite its
staleness, lack of sex and hu-
mor, most everyone will read this
all the way down to the very, very end.

☆ ☆ ☆

Man: "I want a loaf of Mumsie's Bread, a package of Krunchies, some Goody Sanny Spread, Ole Mammy's Lasses, Orange Pully, a pound of Aunt Annie Sugar Candy, Bitsey Bite size."

Clerk: "Sorry, no Krunchies. How about Krinkly Krisps, Oatsie-Toasties, Malty-Wheaties, Ricelets, or Eatum-Wheetums?"

Man: "The Wheetums, then."

Clerk: "Anything else? Tootsie, Tatery Chips, Chessie Weesies, Ginger Bits, Itsey Cakes, Sweetie Toofums, or Dramma's Doughnuts?"

Man (toddling toward meat department): "Tan't det anysing else. Dot to det some meat."

Notice:

"Hey! You're sitting on some jokes I cut out."

"Ha! I thought I felt something funny."

☆ ☆ ☆

1/c—"When was the cotton gin made?"

4/c—"Oh, are they making it out of cotton now?"

☆ ☆ ☆

Attention Please

"Hey. You're . . . "

"Well?"

Governor, looking at newly constructed WPA dam—"Migawd, the water! It's supposed to be on the other side!"

☆ ☆ ☆

Temptation is merely a case of mind over matter, and sometimes the matter is so attractive you don't mind. . . .

☆ ☆ ☆

Zeta: Did you pick a daisy's petal to see if he loved you?

Kamma: I'm taking no chances—I'm using a 3-leaf clover.

☆ ☆ ☆

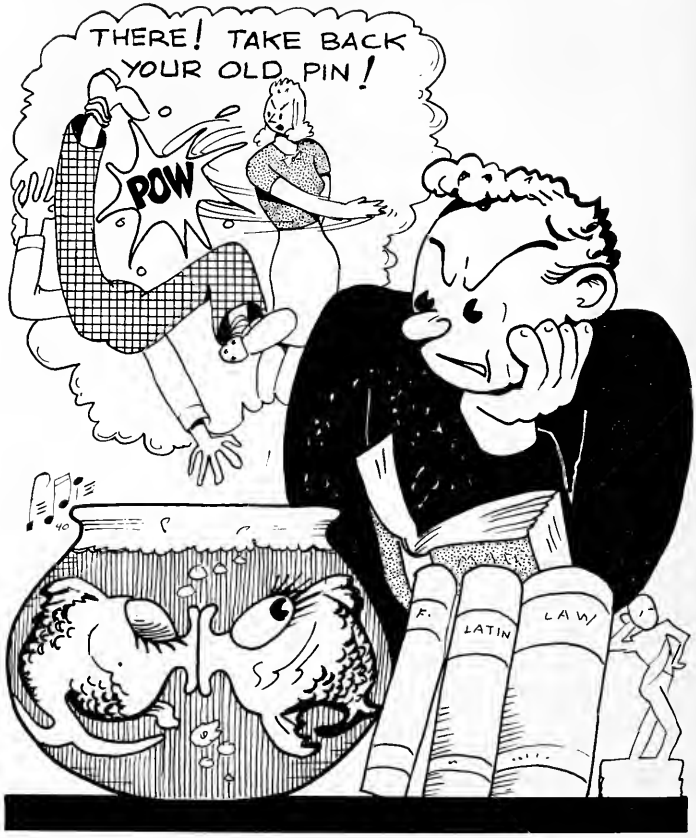
The decrepit old T-model Ford rolled up to the toll bridge.

"Fifty cents," called the gateman.

"Sold," said the man in the Ford.

☆ ☆ ☆

Oh, a fresh guy.
Yeah, I sleep in cellophane pajamas.



"Aw—Cut It Out"

Gentlemen . . . Step Up and Meet Jeeves

Stout fella Jeeves . . . we've known him for some five years now and have gotten pretty fond of the old boy. . . . He looks a little stiff necked when you first meet him perhaps . . . but he's a regular.

He's the guardian of this collection of Men's Shops we call the Men's Store . . . and pretty strict he is with us, too . . . keeps us on our toes when it comes to ideas . . . and merchandise . . . keeps us in touch with the English shop way of doing things.

You see . . . this stiff necked old gaffer stands for "our way." Of presenting our habiliments in a dignified manner . . . of always knowing the correct and the new in the way of clothing . . . and of presenting to you, that which we think is going to do the most for you.

If you've never met the old boy . . . step up and meet him . . . at the Corner of Monroe and Wabash.

CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO.

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"Uncle Sam sure did help—

make tobacco better than ever

Actual color photographs. Before the harvest—inspection of a crop of better-than-ever tobacco grown at Willow Springs, N. C., by U. S. Govt. methods. (*Below*) H. H. Scott looks over some fine leaf after it's been cured.

. . . and Luckies always buy the finer grades," says H. H. Scott, 12 years an independent buyer

IN A NUTSHELL, here's why we ask: "Have you tried a Lucky lately?"

1. With the scientific help of Uncle Sam, farmers have grown the finest tobacco in recent years.

2. Among independent tobacco experts, Luckies are the 2 to 1 favorite. Experts like H. H. Scott point out that Luckies have bought the choicer grades of these better-than-ever tobaccos. So *Luckies* are better than ever!

3. These finer tobaccos have been aged from 2 to 4 years, and have been *further* mellowed by the "Toasting" process, which takes out certain throat irritants found in all tobacco.

Try Luckies for a week, and see why . . . WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

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